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THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 3, 1849.

For the National Era.

SKETCHES OF MODERN REFORMS AND REFORMERS, IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

NEW SERIES.

Novels—Godwin—Holcraft—The Drama—Bage—Scott—Miss Edgeworth—Mrs. Opie—Miss Mitford—Mrs. Hall—Miss Martineau—Banim—Lever—Lover—Bulwer—Dickens—Essays—Jeffrey—Smith—Brougham—Mackintosh—Macaulay—Lamb—Hazlitt—Carlyle—Talfourd—Pamphlets—Holland House.

Some of the *Novelists* of this period have contributed not a little to the cause of political reform.

William Godwin, one of the most remarkable men of the times, is known not only as the writer of that extraordinary tale, "Caleb Williams," but of the no less celebrated "Inquiry Concerning Political Justice," a production whose style is as vigorous as its doctrines are radical, displaying rare originality and boldness of conception, and breathing the loftiest aspirations for the well-being of man. "Caleb Williams," which appeared soon after the "Inquiry," was intended to give wider currency to the author's views of social and political reform, by clothing them in the attractive colors of romance. Had Godwin been an ambitious politician, he might have placed himself at the head of a school of reformers. He chose to be a philosophical recluse; and in the storm of the French revolution, he sent out from his retreat breathing thoughts and burning words, that gave increased life and vigor to the heaving mass of mind around him. The friend and counsellor of Tooke and Holcraft, he was obnoxious to the Government, but his retired habits saved him from the prosecutions that perilled the lives of his more active associates. His numerous writings, like those of Jeremy Bentham, whom he in some respects strongly resembled, while in others no two men could be more dissimilar, have left abiding impressions on many of the noblest minds of England.

Holcraft imbibed liberal principles during the time of the French convulsions. He was the writer of several successful plays, among which was the highly popular "Road to Ruin." He published various novels, which, on account of their political sentiments, attracted much notice. As mere romances they belong not to the first rank, the plots and characters being mere frame-work to hold aristocratic doctrines up to ridicule, and democratic principles to admiration. The dialogue is often lively and piquant, and many of the portraits are skilfully drawn. And in this connection it may be said that the dramatists of this period poured some of their rills of philosophy, wit, and satire, into the popular channels. Even Rolla's fustian address to the Peruvians, which sounds like Sheridan's speeches against Pitt and Napoleon, always stimulated the galleries to a higher pitch of hatred to tyranny. Colman's comedies made upstart noblemen and pedantic doctors of laws shade their faces, while the pit shook its sides with laughter. William Tell launched his arrow not in vain at Gesler, for George IV came near being shot in the royal box on an occasion when it was played, and Talfourd and Bulwer, in Ion and the Lady of Lyons, having disguised democracy in classic robes, introduced it to the admiration and applause of the dress circle. To return to novelists. Coeval with Holcraft, Robert Bage, a Tamworth Quaker, not having the fear of George Fox nor the Attorney General before his eyes, published some good political novels. He, like the dramatist, had caught some of the fire of liberty at the general conflagration of the old order of things in Europe, and he bore his "testimony" against the bigotry of Guelph and the arrogance of Pitt, in the form of romances, which, though they fell below Holcraft's, received the imprimatur of Walter Scott, when he included them in his "Novelist's Library."

The works of the Godwin, Holcraft, and Bage school not only introduced a new era in novel writing, by making fiction the medium of communicating radical opinions, but they aided in evaporating the rose-water style of romance, which had so diluted the public taste that "novel" and "insipidity" had come to be synonymous terms. By and by, the public appetite was prepared for a more racy and invigorating regimen. Then appeared the gorgeous but manly and natural historical novels of Scott, too prone to flatter "blood," wealth, and noble lineage, but wearing an air of the most genial *bonhommie*, and looking with a brotherly eye upon humanity in its humblest forms. About the time that Scott was beginning his Waverley, came the piquant and beautiful stories of Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Opie, to be followed by those of Miss Mitford and Mrs. Hall, who, whether sketching their pictures of life and manners in the cottages of the lowly or the drawing-rooms of the great, place virtue and philanthropy in the foreground of the painting. At a later period, the philosophic and benevolent Miss Martineau, despite the maledictions of the London Quarterly, admirably succeeded in the till then doubtful experiment of conveying the principles of politico-economical science to the masses through the medium of tales and sketches. The English Miss Sedgwick deserves the thanks of humanity for putting Benthamism into clean purple and fine linen. Ireland has been prolific in delineators of her sufferings and crimes, jocularities and bulls, both in poetry and prose. Banim, the author of the *O'Hara Tales*, and other stories, is the greatest of his class. He paints the times of 'Ninety-Eight in colors so vivid that the tragedy leaps living from the canvass. In the *Nonconformist* he depicts the evils and cruelties of the Catholic penal code in figures so graphic and truthful that the veriest bigot can hardly restrain his indignation at the Protestant oppressors. Lever sees nothing but the blarney and blunders of the Irish, and his stories generally begin in broad farce and end in gross caricature. But Lover puts you at once into good humor; and, whether you read him, or hear him tell his stories or sing his songs, he makes you love the genuine Irish character, and you alternately cry and laugh at its miseries and drolleries to the end of the volume or ballad. Bulwer's world-read novels, attractive to the scholastic mind by their acute analysis of character, and to the poetic temperament by their deep coloring, though, like Byron's poems, they enunciate a good deal of doubtful ethics, drawing no very broad line between the morals of ploughmen and highwaymen, yet their political tendencies are decidedly towards liberalism. But the writer of fiction who has done the most in our day for his race, is Charles Dickens. He is not merely a novelist, but a philanthropist, whose generous humanity surpasses even his abounding humor. No right-hearted man ever rose from the perusal of Dickens without feeling a deeper affection for human nature, a more cordial contempt for cant and hypocrisy, and a holier hatred of cruelty and meanness. His Nicholas Nickleby and Oliver Twist have done more to drown in ridicule and smother in abhorrence the absurd private schools and the diabolical parish work-houses of England, than the "works" of all the didactic authors of the kingdom.

Another class of writers have, during the present century, secured a firm footing within the pale of English Literature—the *Essayists*. Indeed, at one time, it looked as if the new-comers would succeed in excluding everybody from it but themselves. At the head of this class stand the leading contributors of the Edinburgh Review, of whom Mr. Whipple has aptly said, "they made reviewing more respectable than authorship." Jeffrey, for twenty-six years its editor, shed over its pages a strong, steady, and beautiful light, which tempered and radiated the whole. His papers are a rare compendium of literary criticism. Though sometimes more sophistical than philosophical, more brilliant than profound, and betraying prejudices when he should elucidate principles, he was, upon the whole, not unworthy to be called "The Prince of Critics." For a quarter of a century his fiat was law in far the larger portion of the republic of English letters. Since he left the throne, many of his canons have been disputed, and some have been totally annulled. His contributions to the Review, when published in a separate form, appear more homogeneous, more like a "work," than those of his brethren who have put theirs to press. Sydney Smith bore undisputed sway in the realm of wit and sarcasm. Papists, prisoners, poachers, paupers, school-boys, and chimney-sweepers, owe him a monument each, for he was their very friend; and if the Pennsylvanians repudiate, Nonconformists might purchase a pension for his heirs with the lawn he tore from the shoulders of "persecuting bishops." Brougham glared from the pages of the Review a baleful meteor, striking terror into dunces in Grub street and charlatans in Downing street, now scorching a poetaster and then roasting a prime minister, nor quenching his fires till they had penetrated and lit up the royal harem of Carlton House and Windsor Castle. Mackintosh made the Edinburgh the medium for exhibiting to the public eye some of those philosophical disquisitions, laden with the lore of the school-men, and embellished with the graces of the poets, which justified the assertion of Robert Hall, that if he had been less indolent and discursive, he might have attained the first place amongst modern metaphysicians. Macaulay has been one of the chief literary attractions of the Review for the last eighteen years. His contributions are no more *criticisms* than are his description of the state of England in 1685, or his sketch at the death-bed of Charles II, in his recent History. True, he places the title of a book at the head of the page. But his papers have men for their subjects rather than books, are essays rather than articles, panoramas of events instead of histories, living portraits of individuals rather than biographies of the dead. According to the old standards, they would have been more appropriate in the History of England than in the Edinburgh Review. But the old standards have decayed. They are read and imitated in the two hemispheres. The scholar admires their learning, the philosopher their penetration, the rhetorician their art, the poet their imagery, the million their politics.

And these five are the greatest of the "Edinburgh Reviewers." Freedom in every part of the world owes them a heavy debt of gratitude.

Passing through a brilliant throng of Essayists, each man of whom is worthy of a special note, and stopping barely long enough to say of Lamb that he is one of the most quaint, humorous, witty, genial, and humane writers in the language, and of Hazlitt, that he is a perfect mine of diamonds, all rich and disorderly, brilliant and cutting, but of the first water; and, promising to bestow our attentions on some literary ladies under more favorable circumstances, we approach with no little awe and diffidence the strange but not stranger Thomas Carlyle, "a writer of books." He has done yeoman service in the conflict with "shams," and has made the bankrupt institutions of England echo their own hollowness, under the heavy blows of his German truncheon. The obscurity of his style is often alleged against him. In many passages, an interlined translation, or a glossary, would be convenient. He is readily understood by those familiar with his fanciful mode of backing up to a question, rather than going straight forward to it. His defects seem to lie deeper than the obscurities of his rhetoric. They pierce through words to things. A vein of profound reflection pervades much of his writing. But no inconsiderable portion of it is indebted to his style for its seeming profundity. Straighten some of his crooked sentences, which, *prima facie*, seem to embrace in their sinuosities some great idea too awful to be uttered in plain Saxon, and thus, as it were, having thrown out the meaning, lo, the matter turns out to be very commonplace. This is not his worst fault; for no author is bound to be always saying original or profound things, and he may be excused sometimes for wrapping up a small idea in a great deal of clothing. As a writer on social and political evils—his chosen field—Carlyle whelms the reader deeper and deeper in the abyss of wide-weltering wrong—*and there leaves him*. He points out no way of escape; suggests no remedies. Read his "Chartism," his "Past and Present," his article in a recent Spectator on "Ireland and Sir Robert Peel"—and what then? He gives you clearly to understand that the governmental machine is sadly out of gear—that Poor Laws are a "sham," and Emigration a delusion—that the "*sans-potato* Irish" are rotting under bad rule—but what then? Why, so far as Mr. Carlyle tells you, *Nothing!* Rot to all eternity, for aught he proposes by way of remedy. His writings abound in hearty expressions of dissatisfaction with existing things; in vivid pictures of human suffering, more graphic than limner ever drew, more startling than poet ever painted; but, trusting to him, you look in vain for any relief, either for your own excited feelings, or for the pitiable objects in whose behalf he has aroused your sympathies. He leads you into a foul morass, tells you it is a "sham," and as you sink out of sight, surrounded by a mass of smothering humanity, he cries, "God help you," mounts some transcendental crotchet, and soars into the clouds. It is suspected that Carlyle has a theoretic remedy for bad government, but dislikes to disclose it. He has no faith in Toryism, Whigism, Liberalism, or Radicalism. To him, they are "shams all." If he belong to any school, it would seem to be the absolute. He don't believe in the divine right of Kings, though he holds that some men are born to command. Nor would he give the governed the right of selecting their commander. He recognises a sort of intellectual and moral "might," the possession of which confers the "right" to govern. The abstract theory may be good; the difficulty is in reducing it to the concrete. Who is to decide as to the possession of the "might?" Jefferson would refer the decision to the governed; Nichols would leave it to the accidents of royal provocation; Carlyle says it belongs to —— who knows what he says? He is a great "Hero" worshipper, and a good many of his "Heroes" have been splendid tyrants. He despises imbecility, but idolizes power. His rather obscure chapter in "Chartism" on "Rights and Mights," can, with little effort, be turned into a special plea for absolutism. His eulogistic essay, in the Foreign Quarterly, on Dr. Francia, "the Perpetual Dictator of the Republic of Paraguay," seems to disclose the kind of Government and Governor he glories in. Francia was a man of intellect and decision, and he was a despot. He erected a "workman's gallows," to terrify and hang laborers who failed to do their work well—a "not unbeneficial institution," says Carlyle. A poor shoemaker made some belts for the Dictator's grenadiers. He did not like the sample shown to him, though the shoemaker "had done his best." Francia ordered a rope about the neck of the trembling wretch, calling him "a most impertinent scoundrel," (a "very favorite word of the Dictator's," says Carlyle,) and had him marched back and forth under the gallows, in the momentary expectation of being hung. He was at length released, half dead with terror. Carlyle remarks upon this, in plain English, (his admiration of the scene is too intense for a crooked sentence,) that the shoemaker worked with such alacrity all night, that his belts on the morrow were without a parallel in South America. The whole story, drawn out through a page, shows that Francia was a brute; as, indeed, does the whole article in the Quarterly. Carlyle gloats over him with wild enthusiasm. If Thomas Carlyle had the opportunity of ruling England, and were foolish enough to embrace it, he *might* turn out a Dr. Francia; but the Dictator would stand a better chance than the shoemaker to adorn the "workman's gallows."

To relieve the picture, which is growing rather *grave*, let us glance at the anti-counterpart of Carlyle—Thomas Noon Talfourd. He is one of the brightest and purest specimens of the *literati* of England. A lawyer, a poet, a dramatist, an orator, a statesman, an essayist, he excels in each of these varied departments. The instances are not unfrequent in which persons have attained a high place both in politics and literature. Instances of marked success both in law and literature are extremely rare. The most striking English examples of the attainment of eminence by the same individual in the profession of law and the cultivation of literature, are Jeffrey, Brougham, and Talfourd. The latter has achieved this by the versatility and elasticity of his genius, unaided by the accidents of birth, family, or wealth. There is a magnetic philosophy, a classical witchery, an intoxicating enthusiasm, about his literary productions, that make him one of the most attractive and delightful of authors. As a lawyer, he is at home in the grave and studied discussions at *banc*, and in the showy and extemporaneous contest at *nisi prius*. His defence of Moxon, the poet-bookseller, so foolishly and scandalously prosecuted, a few years ago, for publishing the works of Shelley, was a splendid vindication of the right of genius to conceive and enterprise to print some of the rarest productions of the century. His rich elocution in the quiet retreat of letters, and his glowing eloquence in the thorny field of politics, have been employed to instruct, delight, and elevate his fellow-men.

There is a department of writing, not yet dignified with the title of "Literature," which exerts an influence over popular sentiment, second only to that of the weekly and daily press. It is peculiarly the offspring of this age, and bears the strong lineaments of its parent. I will call it the *Literature of Occasional Pamphlets*. In England, the Catholic Controversy, Parliamentary Reform, Negro Slavery, Chartism, the Corn Laws, Church and State, General Education, and all those questions which have shaken and do shake the nation, have called out a mass of such literature, which, in intrinsic ability and artistic excellence, will bear comparison with any contemporaneous branch of writing. In that country, and more especially in this, he who does not stock his library with volumes of selected pamphlets, excludes from it some of the most valuable literature of the nineteenth century.

I cannot close this most imperfect view of the liberal literature of England, without a brief allusion to the peculiar but powerful aid rendered to it by the late Lord Holland. The nephew of Fox inherited much of the eloquence, all the democracy, and more than all the love for learning and the fine arts, of his illustrious uncle. For a third of a century, which carried England forward a hundred years in the path of improvement, "Holland House" was the centre of attraction for liberal statesmen, orators, poets, painters, wits, and scholars. Mingling in the brilliant throngs that so often filled its gorgeous drawing-rooms, elegant picture-galleries, and ample libraries, were to be seen statesmen who guided Cabinets, and orators who shook Senates; men of letters who had reached the heights of human knowledge, and modest genius just struggling into notice; poets reposing under the shadow of their fame, and poets just plucking their first laurel-leaf; sculptors who had engraven life in the marble, and painters who had impressed beauty on the canvass; the writer of the first article in the last Edinburgh, and the author of the best comedy then acting at Drury Lane; here a Whig Duke with a long title and a landed air, and there a Radical editor under indictment for a seditious libel on the Prince Regent; the Duchess of Sutherland flirting in this alcove, and Mrs. Opie chatting in that; Buxton, the brewer, discoursing on Prison Discipline with Bentham, the philosopher; Brougham explaining to a Polish refugee his plan for educating the people, while Moore delighted a bevy of belles by singing his last Irish melody; Sydney Smith enlivening this circle with his humor, and Mackintosh enlightening that with his learning—all these varied and diverse elements meeting on terms of social equality, and impressing upon the literary mind of the country the all-influential lesson, that, so far from losing caste by embracing liberal political opinions, the man of letters, of science, and of art, might find the profession of that faith a passport to circles where fashion displayed its smiles and power dispensed its favors.

Without the shedding of one drop of human blood, the Literature of England, in the next third of a century, might revolutionize the Government, and establish institutions that would recognise and protect the equal rights of the whole people. Will it fulfill its glorious mission?

H. B. S.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ERA.

Berlin, *August* 7, 1849.

To the Editor of the National Era:

The first session of the new Chambers is to be held to-morrow. A large portion of the Deputies are already here. A preparatory meeting of the ministerial party has been held, and the decision taken to observe the rules of the last Chamber until new ones are framed, and to hold a reunion every evening in order to consult on the measures of the party. The delegation in the second Chamber shows an enormous disproportion of office-holders, all elected through the efforts and influence of the present ministry. One of the evening papers gives the following summary of the professions of the members: 100 officers in the civil administration of Government, 50 judiciary officers, 11 professors, 6 military officers, 14 clergymen, (7 of whom are Catholic,) 21 communal officers, 11 lawyers, 82 capitalists, 20 landed proprietors, 27 merchants, 7 editors and authors, and 1 physician.

The circumstances under which these persons have been elected are without a parallel in the history of the world. In the last two years and a half, Prussia has had four different Constitutions. A weak King, supported by a faithful army, has tampered to the last degree of endurance with the rights and liberties of his subjects. He has dismissed three Assemblies. The last one was elected under a law proposed and carried into effect by himself. All the restrictions he had thrown around the right of suffrage did not prevent the people from sending up a large majority of democrats and friends of popular rights, as they had done before whenever the opportunity had been given them. In three weeks, the King had driven the refractory Chambers from their halls. He then issued another electoral law, which disqualifies a large number from voting, and lodges the effective power in the hands of the rich class, by giving to it alone the right of choosing the members of the first Chamber. Less than two hundred citizens of Berlin have under this law as much political power as the rest of the population of nearly 400,000 souls. This is not all: the election is not direct, but in two degrees. The voter chooses an elector, who in his turn votes for the candidate. To protest against this law, and the manner in which it has been imposed on the people, the democrats abstained entirely from taking part in the vote at the recent election. The consequence was, that the whole number of actual voters was less than one-fourth of those qualified under the royal ordinance. This detracts greatly from the moral influence of the Chambers. The democrats deny even the legality of their election. The democratic convention, held in Cothen on the 1st August, protested against the validity of any act to be hereafter performed by the Deputies elected, inasmuch as the people had condemned the electoral law by their refusal to vote, the only course left to them of indicating their will.

The democrats are not, then, represented in the Chambers. A rumor says that an electoral college in eastern Prussia has chosen the famous Waldeck, but this is not probable. The Chambers are divided between the ministerial or constitutional monarchy party, and the absolutists, or, as they are generally called, the extreme right. The ministerial party styles itself the *Liberal Conservative* party, and has just published an address to the people, giving its programme of action. They say that they "unite to oppose energetically the absolute power of the Government as well as the subversive tendencies of political agitators. We recognise the Constitution of the 6th December, 1848, with whose revision we will occupy ourselves." They promise "to guaranty and assure to the citizens their just participation in legislation by means of a necessary restriction of the rights of the Cabinet, and to prevent every modification of the Constitution without the consent of the Chamber." They add, that they "will insist on having the oath to the Constitution taken before the end of the session." The conservatives are opposed by the absolutists, whose supposed chief is the Prince of Prussia, the heir apparent, and whose orators in the Chamber are Stiehl, Bismark, Schonbausen, Bulow, Rieth, and others of marked ability. It will not be suprising if, by the heat of debate, the conservatives should find themselves at the end of the session much nearer democracy than at the beginning of it.

Though the democratic party has withdrawn itself from participation in the legislation of the country, it is not idle. Its present efforts are directed to the organization of a system of agitation destined to extend itself over all Prussia. The campaign was opened by a public meeting held here last Friday evening. The plan was given in full. The subject of agitation is to be the electoral law, the discussions are to be confined to legal limits, and no opposition to be made to the presence of the officers of police. Clubs are to be formed in every village and school district. Waldeck is recognised as the chief of the movement. He is now in prison, and has been there for several months, although no charge has been made against him. The law of *habeas corpus* is unknown here, and Waldeck will remain there until the King chooses to set him at liberty. He will probably be deprived also of his judgeship.

So much for the Prussian parties. If you ask what is the legal position of the Government, I answer, it has none. Everything is provisory. The best-informed Prussian cannot tell you what Constitution is in force, or what law must govern the decisions of the courts. It is even doubtful whether the nobility will be held to have been abolished. Some of the courts say yes, the nobles say no, and the King says nothing. The only laws certain of execution are the ordinances signed by the King and countersigned by some one of his ministers.

The position of the King is one of isolation. The aristocracy charge him with feebleness and vacillation; the democracy, with treachery and the violation of all his promises; and the middle classes suspect him of not being at heart true to their cause, and as ready to sacrifice their interests on the first favorable occasion. The last support him for the present, but with the same lurking suspicion that in 1789 marked the sentiments of the French bourgeoisie toward Louis XVI. The aristocracy make no secret of their preference of the King's brother, the Prince of Prussia, who is a man of remarkable decision of character, and a thoroughgoing opponent of all popular reforms. The two younger brothers of the King, the Princes Charles and Albert, have no marked political standing, devoting themselves with great assiduity to their pleasures when they are not called by etiquette to form part of the cortege of the King.

The relations of Prussia with the other German Powers are as uncertain as its internal prospects. Many of the northern German States have given in their adhesion to the federation proposed by Prussia, but this may be at any time recalled. At one time during the present year, twenty-nine States had assented to the Frankfort Constitution. At present, no one is so low "as to do it reverence." One condition attached to the adhesion of most of them is, that the other States shall join with them in the project. But Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Austria, have protested against the Prussian plan, and seem resolved to oppose it at every hazard. Prussia might gain the assent of all the other States, but of these she cannot expect it. Austria is the ancient enemy and long-time rival of Prussia and will not acknowledge her supremacy; Bavaria and Wurtemberg are secondary Powers, whose importance would be entirely effaced by the union with Prussia. The contest has become of late extremely warm, and may possibly end in hearty blows. In order to harass Prussia, the three Powers are determined to support the Arch Duke John at Frankfort. If the Arch Duke could, by any possibility, enforce the Imperial Constitution, they would be so far from sustaining him as to form an alliance with Prussia against him. In his actual position, he is an excellent instrument in their hands to thwart and annoy Prussia, representing her as the enemy of Germanic unity. The Arch Duke is not at Frankfort, but is said to be taking the "water cure" in the Tyrol mountains, at the village of Gastein. He has announced his intention to return to Frankfort in August, and with a considerable Austrian force. In order to anticipate him in this movement, Prussia has already occupied Frankfort with several battalions, while others are marching to the same point. The Bavarian and Austrian troops under the command of the Arch Duke are less numerous in the town than the Prussian force. The position is a dangerous one. Some Bavarian troops that were marching on Frankfort have been stopped on the route by their Government. All parties agree in deferring the appeal to arms until the close of the Hungarian war. Prussia has no pretext for fighting, and Austria and her allies are not ready. The time is whiled away by negotiations in which both parties propose terms which cannot be accepted by the other. Austria proposes an alliance something like the old one, the two Powers to be equally represented in the executive power of the alliance. Prussia demands the formation of a General Diet, of which she is to name the President, and in which she is to have a large representation, the exclusive right to nominate all foreign ministers, to make all treaties, to declare war, to make peace, to dispose of the armed force, &c., &c. As Austria is not prepared to abdicate in favor of Prussia, she will of course reject these terms.

Thus the great work of the consolidation of the German people is impeded by the selfishness and vanity of petty Princes and the ambition of more powerful ones. The people stand by and see their interests sacrificed. This has always been and must be, until the world comes under the rule of a free press and universal education. The unity of the French people was the difficult achievement of ages; that of Italy is far removed in the future, that of Germany not much nearer. The people might have accomplished this, if they had taken the matter in their own hands in 1848, but they neglected the occasion. It will be difficult to find another so good. But, sooner or later, the change must come—Germany will form one nation.

If I might hazard the expression of a thought which must suggest itself to every traveller in Europe, the time must come when all Europe will form but one nation, so far as it regards commerce, currency, and the customs of social life. The barriers between nations are disappearing rapidly before the facilities of communication, the electric telegraph, and the newspaper press. The people of Vienna receive in two days the comments of the Berlin press on the acts of their Government, and in seven those of the Paris press. Public opinion in America is brought to bear on the popular mind in Austria. The Vienna papers of last week are troubled by the expression of public opinion on the Hungary question, by a public meeting in New York, and defend the Imperial Cabinet before the American tribunal. The meetings in England have had a still more powerful effect. No nation can rest patiently under the abhorrence of the world.

Another important fact in this connection is the mingling of all nations on the Continent, produced by the facilities for travelling. One meets Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Hungarians, Spaniards, and, in short, men of every nation, in the streets of every town in Europe. There are nearly thirty thousand Germans in Paris, and nearly five thousand Frenchmen in Berlin. Speak what language you may, you can always find somebody to speak it with you. French newspapers are published in Frankfort, Berlin, Vienna, and Rome. The French and German languages are spoken as purely at St. Petersburg as at Paris and Berlin. The European population of Algeria is a striking illustration of the fact on which I insist. It is composed as follows:

French	63,573
Spaniards	33,263
Italians	6,793
Maltese	6,719
Germans	2,559
Prussians	1,346
Swiss	1,092
Dutch	325
Portuguese	226
Poles	200
English	139
Irish	81
Greeks	71
Russians	16

This amalgamation of nations will go on more rapidly as railroads grow more numerous. National prejudices will fall before a more intimate acquaintance. Parties holding the same sentiments will be closely allied. The result must be, sooner or later, the union of nations for general purposes, indisposition to go to war, and the gradual reduction of the enormous armies that now burden the people with taxes, while they assist kings to crush every effort for popular liberty. The dreams of the Peace Congresses are not all so far from realization as they would at first seem.

The great news of the week is from France; the President has at last, after months of hesitation, declared himself on the subject of attempts to reverse the Republic. He has done so fully, frankly, and clearly. For the future, the public is reassured: the President will make no attack on the Republic. This has produced more sensation in Europe than all the news from Hungary, or than the fall of Rome. It has relieved the republicans everywhere from painful forebodings, and convinced the wavering that a Republic in Europe is possible, even at the present time. What matters all the oppressive and narrow legislation of the French Assembly, those stupid efforts to make the Republic run to the worn wheel-tracks of the Monarchy, so long as the great Fact of Universal Suffrage and Popular Rights, in their successful operation, are constantly before the eyes of Europe. Commercial men, and they are now the sovereigns of Europe, will see that popular sovereignty is the only preservative against bloody revolutions and the consequent destruction of trade. The *bourgeoisie* is in power in all Europe, and will favor the republican form as soon as they can separate it from the idea of Socialism. The existence of the French Republic seems, then, to be secured for the further term of three years.

The acts of the French Executive and of the French Assembly are not calculated, it is true, to give to Americans a favorable opinion of their fitness for free institutions. The Cabinet has just ordered out of France several hundred Polish and German refugees, and the Assembly has passed a law to destroy the liberty of the press. The first measure is a part of the policy of the Government to reassure the other European Governments as much as possible. Bonaparte and his Cabinet are troubled by the idea that the Czar, the King of Russia, and the Emperor of Austria, may consider him revolutionary because he is at the head of a Republic. This occasioned the folly of the expedition to Rome, and came near wrecking the Government in a dreadful anarchy. The majority of the Assembly is determined to save the Republic if possible, and commences by attempting to muzzle the press. Such are the first tottering steps of a young Republic, conducted by men who have grown grey under the Monarchy. Give them credit for their good intentions, while you wonder at their blindness.

The Republic of Liberia has sent its minister to Paris—a M. Castube, said to be formerly a Louisiana slave, and as black as the ace of spades! What will America say now? The colored Deputies from the West Indies to the Assembly have been the object of the sarcastic wit of Americans writing from Paris. Many malicious anecdotes were told, which sprang from the inventive brains of newspaper correspondents. We will see now what will be said of Mr. Castube, the moment his ebony face is seen at the balls, evening parties, and dinners, of the President and ministers.

The Czar of Russia has honored Louis Napoleon by writing him an autograph letter. This is an honor never accorded by his Majesty to Louis Philippe, although the latter wrote frequently to him. In this way, did the Czar protest against the usurpation of the French sovereign. At the death of the Duke of Orleans, he did not depart from his rule, but dictated his letter of condolence, adding that his sympathy was so great that he would have written with his own hand, had he not been prevented by principle. This does not prevent him from showing his respect for the representative of the French people.

The close of the Prussian or rather German war with Denmark will have its effect on the price of American grain in England. Immense quantities of wheat and other grain have been lying at the northern Prussian ports, and especially at Dantzic, waiting for the conclusion of the peace. They can now pass the sound without danger. The three months yet open for navigation are just sufficient to enable vessels to make the trip to England and return home. You may then look for a fall in the price of grain in the English market. The amount at Dantzic is not, however, so great as it would be were there no war in Hungary, as most of the grain on the upper Vistula has been seized or purchased for the supply of the Russian army.

The trade of Northern Europe has received a fresh impulsion during the last two months. The custom-house duties at Havre, for the month of July alone, are fifty thousand dollars more than they have ever been in the same month of any preceding year. The exports of Belgium for the last year show a great improvement on those of former years.

The violation of the Swiss territory by the German troops, that threw that warlike little Republic into so great a commotion, has been apologized for, and the whole affair amicably arranged. Switzerland is now the home of more refugees than any other country in Europe, not excepting England. She seems determined, too, to protect her guests with her best blood. At the first news of the violation of her territory, she ordered 25,000 men under arms. The violation had been flagrant and intentional, but the apology was promptly made, for no European Power would be anxious to take the field against Switzerland, as the valor of her troops has been proven on every battle-field in Europe.

The hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia, recently appointed under the treaty between Russia and Turkey, have just been installed as such at Constantinople. On that occasion, they deposited at the feet of the Sultan a million of scudi, which, "*according to custom,*" as the reporter says, were immediately distributed among the ministers. The worthy hospodars, equally "according to custom," will reimburse themselves, without doubt, from the pockets of their newly found subjects. This system of Government is what the Czar calls "the reign of law and order," and has been substituted to the popular Government established by the inhabitants in the spring of 1848.

The Czar arrived at Warsaw on the 24th ult. General Lamoriciere passed through Berlin, last Saturday, on his way to Warsaw and St. Petersburg. He has been regularly accredited as the ambassador of France. The Russian troops are collected in great numbers on the Gallician frontier, and are erecting strong fortifications on the passes into Hungary. Rumors are afloat as to the pecuniary embarrassments of the Russian monarch. It is certain that he has ordered the workmen on the great railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow to be dismissed. This road runs straight through a marsh, and will cost many millions more than if it had been run through the productive country between the two cities, and will not be useful to any points except the extremities.

The news from Hungary is highly favorable to the Hungarians. The victories over the Russian General, Paskiewich, the capture of Arad and Temeswar, and the excellent position of Gorgey in the rear of the Russian force, are fully confirmed. A rumor is published in the Vienna papers of yesterday, that Gorgey had been compelled to lay down his arms and surrender at discretion. This wants confirmation. Other rumors more probable say that the Hungarian force of General Aulich, who has been manœuvring near Lake Balaton, west of the Danube, has taken up a position between Pesth and the force of General Haynau, at Felegy Haza, south of Kecskemet. This places the Austrian between four armies of the Hungarians, and subjects him to the danger of being attacked by all simultaneously. The Vienna papers seem to be in favor of a close of the war by a treaty, if that be possible. This is a sure sign that the Austrians have sustained reverses.

I have just heard from a deputy an account of an interview between the members of the new Chamber and the Ministry. The King did not appear in person, but sent a speech which delighted everybody. It recommends the union of all parties, and declares the entire willingness of the King to accept a liberal Constitution. This is good news. It is a wise step on the part of the King. The interview took place only an hour ago, and the speech has not been published. I will try to send you a copy next week.

Oswald.

For the National Era.

ELENORA DI TOLEDO.

Elenora di Toledo was stabbed on the 11th of July, 1576, by her husband, Pietro di Medici, at Caffaggiolo, the favorite retreat of Cosmo, the father of his country. She appears to have had a presentiment of her fate. She went when required, but before setting out took leave of her son, then a child, weeping long and bitterly over him.

Italia! land of dreams! how oft thy name
On hist'ry's page is stained and soiled with blood;
Yet, at its sound, thoughts of the beautiful
Rush to the heart, until thy very name
Haunts its recesses, like a full breathed note
Of far off melody!

'Twas summer time;
The garish day had passed, and quiet eve,
With all her garniture of beauty, stole
Into its footsteps with an angel's tread;
So soft and gentle, fanning with her wings
The sultry air, until the fainting flowers
Raised their meek heads, and forth their perfumed breath
Poured, till the air was redolent of sweets.
Florence, so aptly called "the beautiful,"
Lay 'neath the sweetness of that twilight sky,
More like an artist's well-embodied dream
Than builded city, with its hopes and fears,
Its broken hearts, and yearning sympathies,
Crowded together, yet unknowing where
To find each other, neighborhood. Alas!
That on the Eden spots of earth, there still
Is found the ancient serpent's vengeful trail!

Within a proud and princely chamber, sate
A lady, who had scarcely passed the spring
Of life—the bloom upon her rounded cheek
Was somewhat faded; it was not that time
Had touched it rudely, but corroding grief
Had marred its beauty. Seated by her side
Was one, a fair-haired boy, the clustering curls
Resting upon a sunny brow, o'er which
Had stolen eight bright summers. Bitter tears
Were coursing silently the lady's cheek,
And sadly strove that gentle boy to wipe
Away their traces; now his full, fresh lip
Was pressed to hers, and she would strive to smile,
And chase away his fears—then would he ask
For some old legend, or a gentle song;
For it had been her wont, when evening came,
To tell him some sweet tale, his head the while
Resting upon her knee, and her soft hand
Was laid among his curls, and thus sweet sleep
Stole softly o'er him; but to-night there seems
A weight upon her heart, his lips are drawn
Close, close to hers—persuasively he speaks:
"Sweet mother, wilt thou tell our evening tale?
Tell me once more the 'Story of the Cross.'"
And as he dropped in his accustomed seat,
And laid his head upon its resting-place,
His mother told, in accents soft and low,
The sufferings and the patience of the *One*
Who paid with His own life the price of ours.
And while she spoke, sleep—the delicious sleep
Of childhood—fell upon him. Never more
May that sweet sleep revisit those whose hearts
Have battled with the world.

Now the full tear
Flows unrestrained, and from her heart there breaks
A sad, low music, woven into words:

"Sleep on, my treasured one,
I ne'er shall hear again thy lute-like tones—
The only music that my spirit owns
Will soon be gone!

"When evening comes again,
Thou'lt miss the kindness of thy mother's face,
Thy fair young head, its chosen resting-place
Will seek in vain!

"And thou wilt miss the song,
The pleasant evening tale, with which I wiled
Thy senses into sleep, my gentle child—
Thou'lt miss them long!

"How often in thy sleep
Thou'lt murmur, 'Mother,' seeking for the kiss,
Or in the morning waken but to miss
Love, true and deep!

"Ah! who will lead thee on,
In the high path of duty, when my heart
Of the cold, senseless clay becomes a part?
When I am gone!

"A shadow on my heart
Rests darkly now, and, with prophetic eye,
I know that I shall leave thee but to die!
How shall we part?

"One long, a farewell kiss:
I will not break thy dreams, thou dost not know
How fast are gathering clouds of human wo,
To mar thy bliss!"

With bursting heart she laid him on his couch,
And softly by his side she knelt, and prayed
That he might be preserved from every harm.
The memory of that eve—the lady knew
Would be treasured in his heart's core near
As talisman, the "Story of the Cross."

Ere morn had tinged the portals of the East,
The lady had left Florence. Many a smile
And word of welcome met her as she passed
The lordly gate of him who once had been
The light of her existence. Cruel words,
The look of blighting scorn, and withering tones
That fell like lightning on her loving heart,
Had broken love's sweet cord—she feared to trust
The smile on Pietro's lip; but he could feign
Until he seemed an angel. Ere the eve
Had passed away, he felt that he was lord
Of that warm heart, so often trampled on!
Oh! foolish trust! Yet 'tis a bitter task,
For generous, trusting hearts, to learn to look
With foul suspicion on a friendly face!
Well! midnight came, and in her chamber slept
The gentle Elenora—and by her side
The dark Medici sits, while in his hand
The bright stiletto gleams with fearful light!
Softly he turns the snowy linen down,
And bares the gentle bosom, 'neath which throbs
A heart as pure as ever found its home
Within a woman's breast—but see! the flashing steel
Is raised to strike! What stays the murderer's hand?
'Twixt the dark fringes of the pearly lid
There steals a tear—nature's last offering;
A soft smile parts her lips, and in her dream
She murmurs Pietro's name—but ere the smile
Had left her cheek, or the warm tear grew cold,
The knife was sheathed within her heart's core!

LETTERS FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

No. 4.

Lynn, Mass., *August* 21, 1849.

Dear Doctor Bailey: I have now been in this delightful seashore town, my second home, if "home is where the heart is," more than a week, and I may find it difficult to take up the dropped thread of the history of my journeyings. Let me see—where was I at the last date? Utica! I believe. From that agreeable city I passed, one rainy morning, to Troy, where I spent a few days very delightfully with relatives, at the United States Arsenal. From Troy to Springfield, where I had the pleasure of stopping a day or two at that hotel of unrivalled, unapproachable excellence, the "Union." Warriner's table! Who has not heard of it, and who, after once seeing and tasting, can ever think of it without grateful emotions—who can speak of it without tender regrets, and a peculiar moisture gathering in the——mouth? I am not about to attempt a description of Warriner's dinners, with their endless succession of delicious dishes, their inimitable sauces, and exquisite puddings and pastry. For this I have neither time nor talent sufficient. I leave the "delightful task" to some travelling gourmand, who, quite *au fait* of such things, will do the matter up, *con amore, con spirito, con gusto.*

But my heart is clamorous to be allowed one sincere and feeling tribute to an article of preëminent excellence, delicacy, and sweetness, which graced the supper and breakfast tables—*the broiled chicken!* Why, I had never before conceived to what a state of rare deliciousness that juvenile domestic fowl might be exalted by skilful cookery. I had never eaten broiled chicken before, and whoever, not having breakfasted at Warriner's, believes himself acquainted with broiled chicken, labors under a melancholy mistake.

I would add, that, after all, the world-renowned table is but one of the many agreeable things at Warriner's. The house is admirably kept in every respect. From host, clerks, and servants—from every person attached to the establishment—you receive nothing but the most attentive politeness. Travelling alone, as I was, from Troy to Boston, and somewhat out of health, as I found myself at Springfield, I felt every kindness and attention keenly, and I have very many to acknowledge, received both from the house I have mentioned, and from one or two fellow-travellers, who, true to the chivalric impulses of genuine Americans, proffered attentions, and rendered services to me, an utter stranger, seeing only that I was a woman, and alone. Long may it be ere this most generous characteristic of our countrymen be swept away by the influx of foreign manners.

I reached Boston in a terrible rain-storm, and came immediately out to Lynn, and to the home of my well beloved friend, Miss P——, with whom I am at present domesticated.

The house of my friends is situated quite near those picturesque hills, and immense, dark rocks, which lie back of the flourishing town of Lynn, and give to its site considerable of the romantic character, with a touch of the grand, and quite sufficient of the beautiful, even with the ocean left out of view and consideration. Ah, the ocean! How I "snuffed the *brine* afar off!" How my heart bounded, and the blood leaped along my veins, when my ear, listening intent, first caught its deep, far roar—the mingling of its own gentle and terrible voices, as it murmured along the smooth, white, conciliating sands of the beach, or as it boomed among unmoveable rocks, and dashed against black, defiant precipices.

My first, good, long, large, view of the ever-glorious sea, was, as it always is, after an absence, a deep, inexpressible delight—a positive rapture. I parted from old ocean, last summer, with infinite regret, and, though I cannot be so vain as to believe that my feelings were reciprocated, it really did seem to me that, as I came again into his mighty and awful presence, he "smoothed his wrinkled front," and "roared me gently," and smiled a grim welcome on the pilgrim who brought, in humble homage, such soul-felt reverence, such passionate admiration.

We spent one day of last week in Boston. This noble old city is looking remarkably well this season. Its cleanliness is really praiseworthy, and will be its own reward. We were very much engaged, during our brief visit with our friends, shopping, &c., and so did not go about extensively, and saw no lions, with the exception of the Common and the Fountains. The grand park of Boston is looking magnificently after our recent heavy rains. What an ornament and glory it is to the tri-mountain city; what cool, quiet refuges; what green, shadowy, breathing and resting places it affords from the heat, and rush, and confusion, and pestilential airs of the narrow, crooked streets, filled with hurrying crowds, the endless rattle and rumble of wheels, the fumes of bar-rooms, the steam of restaurants, the thick, commingled tide of villanous smells poured out of apothecary shops, suggesting "all the ills that flesh is heir to."

We dropped into the great jewelry store of Jones, on Washington street, certainly the most splendid establishment of the kind I have ever seen. I will not indulge myself, nor weary you, by giving a description of some of the many exquisite articles which I saw there, for I must own to a true, feminine *penchant* for beautiful jewelry; I can discourse eloquently on rings, bracelets, and broaches—grow warm on rubies—get into positive ecstasies on pearls, emeralds, and garnets—and go off in brilliant flashes and small scintillations when I come to diamonds.

We paid a brief visit to the exhibition room of Powers's statuary. There were two pieces new to me—the "Fisher boy," and the bust of General Jackson. The first-mentioned is very *beautiful*, and this, I think, is all that can be said of it. That it is a great original work of art, I do not believe. Its attitude seems almost a repetition of that of the Greek Slave, and there is no reason nor excuse for *this* figure being altogether without drapery. I can see no sentiment or idea in the work, aside from a representation of perfect physical beauty, and perhaps this is enough; it is all that there is in the Venus, but by no means all that we see in the Apollo.

The bust of Jackson struck me as having great character. The hair seemed bristling up with the hickory hero's own native stubbornness; the heavy brow seemed lowering vetos; the lips had the set expression of a defiant will, as though they had but lately uttered that terrible, characteristic oath, "*By the Eternal!*"

The slave, and the head of Proserpine, I had before seen. Though the former, from its touching associations, impresses and interests one most, the latter is undeniably the most beautiful, as far as it goes. Indeed, the sense of its surpassing loveliness weighs on the heart, and fills the eyes with tears. I do not know that the Proserpine "tells its own story," as severe critics require that every work of art should do, but it certainly tells *a* story of an exquisite head, and throat, and bosom—of an adorable face—of an absolutely perfect womanly beauty.

In speaking of Boston Common, I fear that it will be thought I slighted the Fountain. The truth is, we did not find the city Undine prepared to receive visiters, when we called; bad luck for us. We only saw the tulip jet, playing very low. Another time, we trust she will treat us to a finer feast of beauty and flow of Cochituate.

We also visited Salem, last week. What a substantial, stationary, self-satisfied, aristocratic look there is about this fine old town. How utterly unlike any other place in this changing, hurried, ambitious, advancing, levelling new world of ours. But Salem is modern enough to be beautiful and elegant, and evidently rich enough to dispense with the noise and bustle and mad hurry of money-making.

After "Execution hill" had been pointed out to me, my mind was thronged with sad and awful memories, and I looked involuntarily about me as I walked the streets, for "weird sisters," among the passers by. I saw no wrinkled-faced, sinister-eyed old women, but I saw plenty of smiling, blooming, young girls, who could not deny their own *witching beauty*, were they hanged for it. Ah, it would have gone hard with them, in the good old colony times! Neither trial by fire nor trial by water would have saved them, for the name of their victims would have been "legion." After all, we are wiser in our day and generation than our forefathers. They hung such as were fairly proved to be witches, and condemned as such, but, doubtless, many escaped through cunning, or bribery, or the pity of others. But, in our time, all possessing, or suspected of possessing, or thinking they possess, dangerous charms, (this, I fear, comprehends universal womanhood,) are immediately apprehended, and immured in close ball rooms, concert rooms, school rooms, kitchens, and nurseries; deprived of proper air, exercise, aims, and comforts; forbidden to ramble, and climb, laugh loud, and wear thick shoes; compelled to waltz into the morning, and sleep into noon; to subsist on French novels and French cookery; to embroider blue-black brigands and pink cherubs in worsted; or, even worse, to toil day after day in noisy factories and small millinery shops! *Thus* are *our* witches speedily and effectually deprived of the mighty spells, the wicked enchantments, which, for a brief while, held in thrall the souls of men. Thus, from bright eyes grown dim, from rose cheeks grown pale, from the plump figure grown spare, from the neat dress grown careless, from the "low, sweet voice," grown sharp and petulant, goes out the strong mysterious charm forever.

Oh, mournful fate of womankind! Just at this moment, a healthy, glowing face was turned toward me from only the other side of the table, and a pair of *witch*-hazle eyes met mine, and smiled as in unconscious defiance of my fancy's sad prophecy. To her, and such as her, I would say, if one *has* a *corps de reserve* of mental resources and heart-riches, to step in and fill up the ranks, as the blooms and attractions of youth give way, why, it is all very well, and shows good generalship in this short struggle with time, which the poets have named "the battle of life," but which, with many of us, only amounts to a little skirmishing, with no glory and no spoils, and followed with endless marching and countermarching, till some morning, when no reveille awakes us, and there is no answer to our name in the roll-call. But, joy for you, who doubtless looked for the "yours, truly," a page or two back, and sighed to find that the end was not yet—joy, for at length the last inch of my paper brings me up standing.

Adieu. Grace Greenwood.

For the National Era.

LINES.

We're soaring away to the regions of day,
To the realms of the Eternal afar,
Where heavenly light will beam on the sight,
More bright than the beams of a star.

The bliss of the blest, in that region of rest,
Be it ours forever to know;
The path of the true may we ever pursue,
And foretaste of its bliss below.

Waymire.

Pleasant Grove, June 17, 1849.

The Wire Suspension Bridge across the Ohio has been so far completed as to permit of the passage of footmen, and has been crossed by a large number of persons. The bridge, extending one thousand and ten feet from Wheeling to the Ohio side, has been completed.—*Baltimore Sun.*

THE TERMS.

We again call the attention of our readers to the following extract from the "Terms" of the *Era:*

"Every subscriber renewing his subscription, and sending two NEW subscribers, shall have the three copies for five dollars."

A subscriber sends us five dollars for *three new* subscribers, and thinks he carries out the spirit of the proposition. Undoubtedly. A postmaster, not a subscriber, also sends us three new subscribers on the same terms, presuming that we will not object. Certainly not. The only difference between these cases, and those in which subscribers pay their moneys to agents, is, that in the former the subscribers secure to themselves the benefit of the commission. This does not interfere with our regular agents, but rather helps them, by multiplying our readers, and thus extending the field for their operations.

We hope each subscriber, as his subscription runs out, will bear in mind that, by a little exertion, he may secure two new subscribers, and supply himself and them for five dollars.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 6, 1849.

It is a striking circumstance in the history of the discussions of Slavery, that while the enemies of the system are ready to listen to its defenders, and to republish their facts and arguments, the latter, like the votaries of religious superstition, invariably resort to force as a means of silencing their antagonists. We say invariably; we mean, where they have the force on their side. In Kentucky they argue the question, because they cannot help themselves. The people of that State have not made up their minds to act; or, rather, they have not yet hit upon what they regard as a feasible plan, but the Anti-Slavery sentiment is predominant in the public mind. It is for this reason that the slave holders are unable to silence discussion. Public opinion is too healthy, the people of Kentucky too enlightened, to sanction such violence.

If a Southern editor should be attached to the principles of freedom, the most he can hope is to be allowed to say nothing—to be neutral. The least hint of his being tainted with Abolitionism would cause him to lose his business; and, in many localities, he would do well to escape a coat of tar and feathers. Even silence will subject him to denunciation. On the other hand, the utmost liberty of thought is tolerated in free communities. Newspapers advocating Slavery may be established in any of the free States; and Southern men travelling North have no occasion to imitate the doughfaces who travel South, in laying aside their prejudices and principles.

THE SOUTH AND THE UNION.

In another column will be found an article from from the *Danville* (Va.) *Register*, entitled "South Carolina and the Abolitionists." The sentiments, considering their source, are liberal, and show that the Virginians are not all of the Calhoun stamp.

The writer appears to labor under a misapprehension as to the extent to which Abolitionists favor disunion. The class of disunionists in the Northern States is extremely small, and they have entirely separated themselves from the political party to which the Abolitionists are attached. The Garrison party, which is coöperating with Mr. Calhoun in bringing about a dissolution of the Union, have no connection with the Free Soil party, and had none with the Liberty party. Another party of Abolitionists, very small in numbers, maintains the ground that Congress, under the Constitution, has the power to abolish slavery in the States. Their strength was shown in the late Presidential election, when Mr. Smith, their leader, received less than three thousand votes for the office of President. The Garrison party is not more numerous. It is proper that these distinctions should be known among Southern men. The Free Soil Democracy, as well as the Liberty party, which has been merged in the former, repudiate both the extremes into which the friends of Mr. Smith and Mr. Garrison have fallen. They neither advocate disunion, nor hold that the Federal Government has the power to abolish slavery in the States.

The extreme ground assumed by a few individuals, should not prejudice the cause of freedom in Southern minds, by confounding the Free Soil party with them. These extremes are to the friends of Emancipation in the South a stumbling block. Men are deterred from the avowal of anti-slavery opinions, in the South, from the fear of being held responsible for the sentiments of the most ultra school of Abolitionists.

The author of the article referred to supposes, that, in the event of disunion, it would become necessary to establish a line of fortifications across the continent, in order to prevent the escape of the slaves, and that this would involve the South in the necessity of laying a heavy tariff, which, by protecting domestic manufactures, would soon convert several of the States on the northern border into free States. In this, and other ways, he is of opinion that disunion would effectually promote Abolition. He might have added, that no line of fortresses, which the South could maintain, would be effectual. He forgets that the North would likewise have its line of posts on the frontier—not so much for protection, for they would have little to fear—but for revenue purposes. These would afford shelter to the runaways; and, in the circumstances supposed, they would everywhere on the line find sympathy. A line of posts may protect a people from the inroads of its neighbors, but it would be a poor reliance against the escape of slaves across an imaginary line. A body of invaders must travel the high-roads, but runaway slaves naturally avoid them, even in the absence of military posts.

We are not among those who look upon disunion as an event coming within the range of remote probabilities. But, reasoning on it as a possibility, it may be well for the South to inquire where the line will be drawn. That Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, will cast their lots with the Southern Confederacy, is not more probable than that Pennsylvania or Ohio will pursue a similar course. It would be suicidal in them to do so, even supposing them desirous of preserving their slaves. As a part of the Southern Confederacy, they would have no security against the escape of slaves; but, if they remained in the Union, they have the security of the Constitution, as it now stands. Doubtless, emancipation would soon take place, but it would be peaceable, and, perhaps, would be made agreeable to the slaveholders themselves, by receiving reasonable compensation. These three States, therefore, would have every motive for remaining in the Union. There is no disunion feeling in either of them. Even the enemies of Mr. Benton, in Missouri, disavow any desire for disunion.

Public opinion, in North Carolina, is decidedly in favor of union, the Wilmot Proviso to the contrary, notwithstanding. During the late Congressional canvass in that State, when the so-called Democracy were disposed to use the slavery question against the Whigs, who, for the most part, admit the constitutionality of the Proviso, the former dared not take ground for disunion. We observed with pleasure that the Whig presses kept up a standing challenge to their opponents to avow themselves in favor of disunion, but it was never accepted. North Carolina is prepared to adhere to the Union, and though the people are, for the most part, averse to the exercise of the Proviso, which they admit to be constitutional, they have little wish to see slavery extended, and would never think of dissolving the Union for such a cause.

We commented, last week, upon the tone of feeling in Tennessee. Both parties there, but especially the Democratic, have shown a disposition to bluster a little about non-intercourse, but it turns out that nothing illegal was contemplated on either side. The non-intercourse is to be voluntary. The truth is, it was only designed for electioneering thunder, and will not be thought of again, until needed for a similar purpose.

In Virginia, there appears to be less soundness of feeling, but there is little doubt that, when it comes to the issue of Union or Disunion, the good sense of the masses, particularly in the West, will triumph over the champions of slavery extension. Virginia feels that her sceptre has departed, and that circumstance has weakened her attachment to the Union. She is in the predicament of a superannuated belle, whose charms have ceased to give her the precedence over her sisters. Notwithstanding her threat of calling a convention, we predict that she will not dissolve the Union on account of the adoption by Congress of a measure which was originated by her own Jefferson, and which a majority of her Representatives, in her better days, voted for.

Among the States south of the 35th degree of latitude, we know of but one which the Disunionists could count on with certainty, viz: South Carolina. There is no reason for believing that Texas or Louisiana would withdraw; no evidence of such a tendency in that quarter, at least, has come to our knowledge, while we have witnessed much calculated to induce a contrary belief. As to Louisiana, she would find herself in an awkward predicament as a part of the Southern Confederacy, since the Northwestern people can hardly be supposed ready to resign their right to the free navigation of the Mississippi at its mouth. Georgia, likewise, will be true to the Union, and without this link, the Southern Confederacy would be wanting in continuity of parts.

For these reasons, we are induced to believe that the Wilmot, or Jefferson Proviso, will not endanger the stability of the Union. We trust that its passage may be rendered unnecessary, by the adoption of anti-slavery Constitutions in California and New Mexico.

EMANCIPATION IN KENTUCKY.

The result of the recent election for members of the Convention to form a new Constitution for the State of Kentucky, by which it appears that, on the great question which has recently agitated and divided that State, the question of prospective Emancipation, not one single candidate favorable to Emancipation has been, as yet, returned, furnishes a lesson and a warning to those who are at this time unwisely and improperly stirring up subjects connected with slavery. Backed by the great name and commanding influence of Mr. Clay, the friends of Emancipation have been defeated—and their efforts have not only failed, but they have lost ground by their failure. The people of the South, when the movements of Abolitionists and Free Soil Wilmot Provisoists, are exciting and irritating them, and *converting what should be questions of philanthropy and political economy, into topics of party warfare*, cannot be expected calmly to consider so great a measure. They ought not and they will not countenance, at this time, any further agitation. Whilst they are engaged in maintaining and defending their rights against the threatened encroachments of others, they desire peace and harmony within their own borders. They will consult together about their own domestic affairs, if they should be so inclined, only when they are "let alone," and when the distracting topics which are now on hand shall have been settled effectually and permanently.

Alexandria Gazette.

We are somewhat surprised at the tone of the above article. The *Alexandria Gazette* has been heretofore regarded by us as one of the most liberal newspapers in Virginia, and we imagined that we saw in it a disposition on the part of the editor to enlighten the public mind as to the evils of slavery. Certainly we have seen many articles in that paper having such a tendency, and we regret that the budding spirit of freedom has been nipped by the Kentucky frost.

After all, the article tacitly admits slavery to be an evil, but the editor thinks the people of Virginia would be acting very unwisely to take any steps towards its removal, while there is evidence that the change would give satisfaction to the "fanatics of the North." The editor makes another man's folly his wisdom. "The people of the South," says the *Gazette*, "when the movements of the Abolitionists and Free Soil Wilmot Provisoists, are exciting and irritating them, *and converting what should be questions of philanthropy and political economy, into topics of party warfare*, cannot be expected calmly to consider so great a measure." The editor of the *Gazette* is aware that the political questions connected with slavery in the Territories have been forced upon the Northern people by the South. Have they not sprung from the annexation of Texas, and the conquests which have been made in the war which ensued? And can the *Gazette* deny, in the face of Mr. Calhoun's admissions to the contrary, that the Texan annexation was projected with the sole view to the extension of slavery? That matter is placed beyond controversy by Mr. Calhoun's late letter to Mr. Benton—and five years ago he made similar avowals. But Texas was not enough. More annexation must be made, in order to satisfy the craving maw of slavery. War, upon the slightest pretence, and without the sanction of law, was waged by another slaveholding Administration, and the surrender of a large portion of the Mexican territory contiguous to Texas, was made a necessary condition of the reëstablishment of peace. These Territories are free, and slavery cannot be legally introduced; but the editor of the *Gazette* has too much candor to deny that strong efforts are making to introduce slavery surreptitiously; and that, if it once gets a footing, nothing but the power of the Federal Government can eradicate it. Numerous slaves have been carried thither, and we have had accounts of the open sale of a woman and child in California. Leading politicians of the South are there, endeavoring to seduce the Californians into the support of slavery. Now, supposing that the Northern people have some little interest in the preservation of the balance of power on their side, and supposing that they may have some little conscientious scruples on the subject of slavery, we ask the editor of the *Gazette* if they are not warranted, in the present aspect of affairs, in bringing forward the Jefferson Proviso? The editor of the *Gazette*, if we mistake not, admits the Proviso to be constitutional, and, if the extension of slavery can be prevented in no other way, is not its application justifiable.

We should greatly prefer seeing slavery excluded by the inhabitants of the new Territories themselves. We have no wish to irritate the South, by unnecessarily thrusting in the Proviso. But slavery must be excluded; if not by the Constitutions to be framed by the people of the Territories, it shall be done by Congress. The sole power of legislation over the Territories belongs to Congress, and as regards slavery the power is admitted by all except Mr. Calhoun and General Cass, together with a few persons of that stamp, who have the faculty of adapting the Constitution to their present convenience.

The Gazette thinks that the people of the South will consult about their own affairs (slavery) when they are "let alone," and "when the distracting topics now on hand are settled permanently." When slavery is "let alone," it will cease to be numbered among existing "institutions." The anti-slavery feeling of the free States will not cease to manifest itself while the "food it feeds on" remains.

As to the right of Northern men to discuss the subject of slavery, no reflecting Southern man will deny it. The Abolitionists have the same right for their "interference" with slavery which the Southern people are exercising in reference to Hungary and Ireland. Did it ever occur to the Southern champions of the oppressed Irish, or Poles, or Hungarians, that they were "intermeddling" in other people's affairs? The potentates and feudal lords of Europe have the same title to their privileges and immunities—to their arbitrary power—which the slaveholder has, viz: the right which Might confers—none other.

The American Constitutions guarantee the Liberty of the Press and of Speech, and, while the Northern people are sentient beings, they will continue to exercise it.

The effect of anti-slavery discussion has been uniformly misrepresented in the Southern States. It has never had the effect of exciting insubordination in the slaves. The Abolitionists are almost universally the friends of peace, and discountenance war and bloodshed; and if intemperate language has sometimes been used, it has been in quarters where it could never reach the ear of the slave, or, reaching him, could have little effect; for while the slaves, even the most benighted, are conscious of the injustice which holds them in bondage, they are also conscious of the power by which that system of injustice is maintained. There has never been an instance in which insurrection is traceable to the anti-slavery discussions, North or South; but ample evidence exists that their effects are of an opposite nature. The agitation of the question in Virginia in 1832 followed an insurrection. The Virginians themselves mooted the question, in consequence of an insurrection; yet no one ever imagined that the discussions would renew the spirit of insubordination among the slaves.

And where, we would respectfully ask Southern men, is there the greatest apprehension and the greatest likelihood of a servile insurrection? Is it not in those portions of the South which silence the faintest allusion to the subject? Is it not in South Carolina, or in the Southwest, where, to repeat the language of Jefferson, Madison, or even Washington, would be as much as a man's skin would be worth? It is in such benighted regions that the poor ignorant slave unconsciously is the source of continual dread to his master and family. On the other hand, who dreams of insurrection in Maryland, Kentucky, or Missouri, where men openly express their views against slavery? or even in Virginia, Tennessee, or North Carolina, where a wider margin of free thought exists than is allowed farther South?

If slaves were able to read, we apprehend that, occasionally to meet with newspapers friendly to their race, and advocating their claims to freedom, is better calculated to put them in a good humor with the whites, and to enliven them with the hope of a peaceful termination of slavery, than even the philosophy of Mr. Calhoun, seconded by the pious exhortations of the Rev. William A. Smith. Any sensible man can imagine the effect of arguments *in favor of slavery* upon the mind of a slave. They can only tend to madden him with rage and despair, and to nerve his arm for resistance. Yet these are the discussions which the slaves of South Carolina hear every day. No wonder that the people of that unhappy State feel that they sleep on a mine. The worst of it is, they are unconscious that their own newspapers and public speakers are the real incendiaries to be feared—the real disseminators of firebrands.

In conclusion, we must express our dissent from the opinion of the Gazette, that the Cause of Emancipation has lost ground in Kentucky. We descanted upon this point last week, but we will repeat, that, so far from losing ground, the Emancipationists have covered themselves with honor. They have organized themselves into a party, and have enlisted the advocacy of numerous presses in the midst of slavery, where, three years ago, a Free Press was torn down by a mob, and forcibly sent beyond the limits of the State. The Cause has enlisted the support of the wisest and best men in the State—the two Senators, two ex-Senators, and a host of men who, two or three years ago, were silent on the subject. Are these evidences of lost ground? If so, we trust that we may have a few more such, not only in Kentucky, but in Virginia and other States. We have no fears that the Cause of Emancipation will recede. Even the Gazette admits it to be the cause of Philanthropy and Economy. The Southern mind, as well as the Northern mind, has been brought to bear upon it. *The ice is broken*, and it will never again be seared by the frosts of selfish policy. It is no longer a spasmodic effort, like the discussions in Virginia, in 1832. At that day, the claims of Humanity had but a weak hold upon the minds of men, North or South; but the present discussion originates in a deeper feeling, a stronger sense of right, and is backed by a stronger sense of political necessity.

In the last Era we quoted an article from the Louisville Examiner, in which the editor asserts, that none of the candidates in Louisville dared to take ground for the perpetuation of slavery; all they contended for was, that the agitation was premature, or the plans suggested defective.

"A WORD TO ABOLITIONISTS."

In another column we insert an article from a Mr. Reeve, of Richmond, Virginia, addressed to the Abolitionists. It seems that Mr. Reeve is a native of New York, but has resided in Richmond for thirty-four years, as a merchant. He professes to have enjoyed opportunities for observation, and to be able to pronounce with confidence upon the merits of the system of Slavery; and, as the result of his experience, he declares the evils of Slavery to be imaginary. At any rate, he abjures the Abolitionists to "*cease contending with an imaginary evil.*" This view of the matter appears to be highly satisfactory to the editor of the *New York Observer*, a religious newspaper, and the letter is therefore published "cheerfully," and the hope expressed that the sentiments contained in it will be "pondered" by those to whom it is addressed.

We are not surprised that a Northern man with Southern feelings should write such sentiments; but it is both surprising and mortifying that they should be endorsed by a Northern Religious Newspaper.

Mr. Reeve is a merchant, residing in the midst of Slavery—his customers are slaveholders, and would not patronize him if his sentiments were different from those contained in his letter. These circumstances are sufficient to account for his being unable to see any evil in Slavery. He has for thirty-four years resided at Richmond, during which time perhaps not less than one hundred thousand slaves have been sold at auction at that place. Not the slightest attention is paid in these business transactions to the ties of blood or affection among the human cattle who are paraded in the market. It oftener than otherwise has happened that husband and wife, parent and child, have been separated forever; and yet Mr. Reeve implores the Abolitionists to desist from "contending with an imaginary evil." And, worst of all, the *New York Observer* sanctions the cold and sinister suggestion. How different was the opinion of Mr. Jefferson, himself a slaveholder! He declared that one hour of Slavery was more intolerable than ages of such oppression as the American Colonies suffered under Great Britain. Mr. Clay has declared, that if he could rid his country of the evils of Slavery, he would not exchange the honor of such an achievement for the renown of the greatest conquerors. General Washington in his will, in which he liberates his slaves, declares that it had been to him a source of the deepest mortification that he had not been able to give them liberty in his lifetime; and in many of his letters testified to the great moral and social evils of Slavery. Mr. Madison was no less emphatic in its condemnation; and, in a word, all the great and good men of the Revolution—Southern men—condemned the institution as evil, and only evil. How insignificant is the testimony of an interested witness, like Mr. Reeve, in opposition to such authorities! Such was Slavery in early times, when it had some pretensions to be called a patriarchal institution. The cotton and sugar culture, within the present century, has changed the estimate which Southern men set upon it. The price of slaves has risen, and the standard of morality has fallen in inverse proportion. Slavery-propagandism has always been in the hands of bad men; but the difference is, that formerly the great and good of the South had the boldness to condemn it, but now they are silenced by public opinion.

We are unable to see anything worthy of special notice in the letter, and merely call attention to it, because it reiterates the old story that the condition of the slaves has been injured by the "interference" of the Abolitionists. This is the sum and substance of the argument, and this is utterly untrue. Any old man in the South will tell these enemies to discussion, that the condition of the slaves has greatly improved within his recollection. It is the tendency of every country within the pale of Christendom, as it grows older, to become civilized; and although the process is slow where Christianity has to contend with Slavery, it is nevertheless certain. It is on this principle that slaves are more humanely treated in Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, than in the Southwest. Even in South Carolina, where such intensity of pro-slavery feeling exists, we apprehend that there is less recklessness of human life than in districts equally abounding in slaves in the Mississippi valley.

The discussions which Slavery has undergone have doubtless had a momentary effect prejudicial to the slave, but that has given way to the healthier moral tone which has begun to penetrate the South. In the more Northern slave States men have become ashamed of Slavery, and begin to admit its evils; and although the Abolitionists cannot directly operate upon those of the extreme South, they have an indirect influence, even in that quarter. The Anti-Slavery atmosphere infuses itself in Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, immediately; while these States in their turn operate upon those further South.

The discussion of Slavery in the Northern States has forced the Southern churches, for very shame, to pay attention to the religious education of the slaves; and the repeated exposure of cruelty and barbarity has doubtless awakened many consciences to the injustice of which they had been the ministers.

For the National Era.

A DREAM UNTOLD.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Beneath the yellow hair of May
The blushing flowers together lay,
The winds along the bending lea,
Kept flowing, flowing, like a sea
That could not rest,
When first a maid with tresses brown,
And blue eyes softly drooping down,
Sat in her chamber high and lone,
Looking a sweet dream, all her own,
Within her breast!

The elms around the homestead low
All night kept swaying to and fro,
And the young summer's silver rain
Kept beating on the window pane,
So soft and low,
It could not trouble the fair maid
That tremblingly and half afraid
Lay gazing on the village lights,
That glimmered o'er the neighboring heights,
In sleepless woe!

The summer's tender glow is fled,
The early-budding flowers are dead,
But others, with their leaves scarce paled,
And their flushed bosoms all unveiled,
In bloom remain;
The hills are white with ripened rye,
The quails from out the meadows fly;
The mower's whistling, blithely gay,
Makes answer to the milkmaid's lay,
In vain, in vain!

'Tis one of autumn's lonesome eves,
And eddying drifts of withered leaves
Are scattered in the woods behind,
By the damp fingers of the wind;
But hope dies not,
And happy maids and youths are seen
Together straying on the green,
While trembling hand and blushing cheek
Tell better far than words can speak,
Each other's thought.

Winter is come—the homestead low
Is whitened by the falling snow,
In the warm hearth the cricket cries,
And the storm-shaken bough replies;
The watchdogs bay
Is answered from the neighboring hill—
'Tis very dark, the night is chill,
Is by the pale lips faintly said,
Of her beside whose dying bed
They kneel to pray.

Morning is up—her wing of fire
Is shivering o'er the village spire,
And in the churchyard down below
Shining along the mounds of snow
Serenely bright,
The maiden with the hair so brown,
And blue eyes softly drooping down,
Her dream, whate'er it was, unknown
Shall lie beneath the cross of stone,
Ere close of night.

MERITORIOUS CONDUCT ON THE PART OF TWO NEGROES.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 15th instant, at the time of high water, an exceedingly clever and interesting little son of the Rev. Mr. Woodward, about eight years of age, accidentally fell from the bridge over one of the creeks of the village of Bluffton. Two negroes—*Andrew*, belonging to Mr. Wigg, and *Joe*, belonging to Gen. Hamilton—happening to be in the vicinity, hastened to his rescue. Both unhesitatingly leaped into the water, and *Andrew* fortunately reached the child at the moment he had ceased to struggle, and was sinking to the bottom. He swam with the child to a raft of boards that was floating near by, upon which, aided by *Joe*, he succeeded in placing him in security. This timely assistance, rendered not without some personal danger to the rescuers, and in the course of which was displayed far more presence of mind by *Andrew* than negroes usually exhibit, has been the means, through Providence, of preserving the *hope* of a family, and of saving to the village one of the most promising and engaging children it contains.

Such actions should never be permitted to pass unrecorded, that they may stand forward as a warning to the fanatics of the North; for whilst the slave States of the Union continue to produce negroes willing thus freely to venture their lives in behalf of their masters, they possess an argument, pro-slavery, stronger than any that can be urged against it, and an element of safety which, in times hereafter, may be destined to dispel some of the psuedo-philanthropical hopes and visions of Birney, Barrett, Brisbane, and brothers.

Charleston Mercury.

In the dark feudal ages, when the trial of offences was submitted to what superstition regarded as the judgment of God, there existed, among other methods of making this appeal, what was called the "trial by water." It was in this wise. The culprit was thrown into a pool, with a heavy stone tied about his neck; and, in the contemplation of the law, if he were guilty he would swim, but if innocent he would sink to the bottom. In either event, his case was hopeless. We presume it is on this principle that in South Carolina the wicked and heartless negroes are enslaved for their misdeeds, while the generous and brave meet the same fate as a reward of their virtues.

In reading the narrative of the heroic conduct of the negroes, we imagined that freedom would be regarded as the proper reward of so much disinterested virtue; but it seems that the chivalrous people of South Carolina only make it the occasion of riveting their fetters.

BEWARE OF SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE!

We have for some days deferred acknowledging the receipt of the August No. of Sartain's Union Magazine, published in Philadelphia; and we do so now, with feelings very different from those which have hitherto influenced us. We have hitherto spoken of this periodical in terms of commendation, but we now retract all that we have said, and warn our fellow-citizens of the *South* against it, as inculcating doctrines untrue and prejudicial in the highest degree to our rights, and even to our safety. It becomes us, as prudent men, to view with scrutiny, if not with suspicion, the periodical literature with which the North is now flooding us. The number of this Magazine of which we are speaking contains a tale entitled "Roanoke; or, Where is Utopia," which is continued from a previous number that escaped our observation. The hero of the tale is "Wild Bill," a runaway slave, who is represented by a hideous cut, and is made ingeniously to justify the many murders he has committed, and to defend principles as foul as the blackest abolition heart ever bred, or the most poisonous tongue could utter. The author of the tale is C. H. Wiley; should either he, or the editors or proprietors of Sartain's Magazine, place foot upon the south side of the Potomac, they might reasonably be expected to be dressed in a coat of tar and feathers, and dance 'twixt heaven and earth, with a greased grape vine about their necks. Mrs. C. M. Kirkland is one of the editors; her sex would protect her from such punishment. We would consign her to *silence*, which would be torment enough, no doubt. Let the South be wide awake, and beware how they contribute their money to aid their enemies in secretly undermining their institutions.

Fredericksburg Recorder.

The criticisms of the Fredericksburg Recorder are likely to render a material service to the Magazine and to its contributor, Mr. Wiley. We feel a curiosity to see what "Wild Bill" has to say for himself. Without having seen his arguments, and without intending in advance to endorse them, we will venture the opinion that he is a better logician than Mr. Calhoun or than his Reverend coadjutor, Professor Smith—we mean, of course, upon the slavery question. The ability of these gentlemen we have no wish to deny, but they cannot make the worse appear the better cause before an enlightened and scrutinizing public.

It is a little surprising, by the way, that the Fredericksburg Recorder should exhibit a degree of sensitiveness so much more acute than that which has been awakened further south by the same publication. In North Carolina and Southern Virginia, where Mr. Wiley is known, the ferocious language of the Recorder is rebuked by the Press, and even the Columbia South Carolinian alludes to the subject in terms of moderation, regretting the publication, and hoping that, as the story progresses, Wild Bill and his antagonist, Walter somebody, will be brought together again, and that the latter will have the advantage in the argument. The Danville (Va.) Register contends that Wild Bill's arguments have been refuted by Walter, but the Recorder and the South Carolina paper think otherwise. In future discussions between the parties, it is hoped that Mr. Wiley will make a fair report, and give Wild Bill a "white man's chance." We repeat, that we have no intention to endorse the runaway's arguments in advance, as they may tend to bloodshed and murder. But on the naked question of right, we will stake Wild Bill against the field.

The Greensborough (N. C.) Patriot, published, as we learn, at Mr. Wiley's birth-place, has the following:

"We are sorry to see this injury aimed at Mr. Wiley and his literary prospects. He is endeavoring to secure an honorable livelihood, and at the same time to elevate the literary character of his native State—objects pursued by methods dictated in all honesty of heart, or we have mistaken the man. The characters of his novels are necessarily heightened up to the standard of fiction; but nothing could be more unjust than the motives attributed to him, and the language applied to him by the Fredericksburg paper. It would be but sheer justice, even in a hypercritic, to await the whole of his work before such harsh and sweeping judgment is pronounced against it."

MANUFACTURING IN THE SOUTH.

The Southern people are giving much attention at present to manufacturing, or rather to the propriety of introducing manufactures among them. Tennessee and Georgia appear to be taking the lead in this business, and we have no doubt that their natural capabilities are equal to those of any other portion of the Union. The Nashville *True Whig* says:

"Nor are her citizens insensible to these many and extraordinary advantages. Her iron, produced in large quantities from her furnaces, forges, and rolling-mills, has been long known in the markets as of the very best quality furnished in the West. Clippings from the improved flocks of some of our intelligent wool-growers, prove to a demonstration, that we can vie even with Saxony or South America, in the fineness and texture of the snowy fleece. The manufacture of cotton, however, is making the most rapid progress. There are already, and soon to be put in operation, in the whole State, some 35,000 spindles—say 25,000 in Middle Tennessee, the balance in East and West Tennessee. There are also projected, or in process of erection during this and the next year, factories for the operating of twenty or thirty thousand additional—making fifty or sixty thousand, nearly enough to manufacture the entire crop of Middle Tennessee, exported from Nashville."

If the Tennesseans were to adopt, and strictly adhere to, the rule of employing none but free labor, they would secure that alone which can confer prosperity upon a community, a free laboring population.

The people of the South need a home market—they need towns and cities. It is evident that these cannot be constituted of slaves. In the first place, they would be wanting in the necessary intelligence and enterprise to succeed; and, in the second place, the capital invested in the slaves would be unproductive, because uselessly invested. The South is now poor. It is a great achievement for a whole village—sometimes a county—to build a factory, and to encumber such enterprises with the additional charge of owning all the labor, is to insure either failure, or very limited operations. There are perhaps 20,000 persons employed in manufactures at Lowell, if we include the families of operatives; and their value, if they were slaves, would amount to the enormous sum of six millions, even at $300 per head. But slaves equally skillful would sell for $1,000 all round, or $20,000,000! That is to say, the capital invested in labor would exceed that required for machinery, buildings, and for all other purposes. Can the South expect to compete with the North on these terms? The experiment will be idle and ridiculous. And besides, if success were possible, it would be dangerous. How would it answer to have several thousands of slaves thus aggregated, when they cannot be prevented from combining, dispersed as they now are on the plantations?

The employment of free labor in the factories would infuse new life into the South. It would create a home market, by building up towns and cities, and would, at the same time, give a little scope to free thought. The True Whig is ambiguous on this point—the Press should speak out. We believe that some of the Georgia editors have boldly declared for free labor in factories—the Tennessee Press should not be behind them.

If the people of the South were wise—if they were governed by reason, instead of prejudice, they would, in like manner, employ none but free labor in public works. Unless they resort to these expedients, the Southern States will be abandoned by the poor white population. If all the capital of the South is deveted to the employment of slave labor, how can the white man, who depends upon labor, be otherwise than he now is, ignorant, helpless, and wretched?

WESTERN IRON MANUFACTURE.—The *Louisville Journal*, speaking of the manufacture of iron in the United States, and more particularly in the West, supplies the following interesting facts:

"On the Cumberland river, Tennessee, success in the iron business has been equally striking. At one of the large establishments, and since 1835, the average dividends have been 15 per cent. per annum on the capital invested, while in the mean time over $260,000 has been lost by it in bad debts."

"It is strange that men of energy should pass by the ironstone of Hanging Rock and Eddyville, to seek fortunes on the Sacramento; and it is equally strange that part of the energy and capital now employed in the West in the precarious provision and grain business, do not find employment and certain profits in manufactures."

From the Columbia (S. C.) Telegraph.

THE BALANCE OF POWER.

The Northern papers are calculating largely on the very close division of parties in the next Congress, and count with great certainty on the control which the Free-Soilers *per se* will exercise in consequence. In *effect*, we regard all the members of both parties North as unsound on this subject—the strong current of popular feeling there forcing them into opposition to the extension of the area of slave States. The Northern Whigs make no pretensions to soundness on this subject, and even the *Union* itself makes the following frank admission as to the Democrats:

"The Democratic party, *like the Whig party*, comprises persons of *all shades of opinion* upon the subjects which do not affect its political doctrines and principles. *Undoubtedly*, there are Democrats in the free States—nay, *the great mass of them who are opposed in principle to slavery, and would be glad to have it* CEASE TO EXIST EVERYWHERE, while they would resort to no unconstitutional or improper means to effect an *object which they deem so desirable*," &c.

When there is a *will* there is a *way*; and in a matter so vital, it will never do to trust to uncertain guaranties and nice distinctions for our safety. Hence we would see Southern representatives standing together on this platform of Southern safety irrespective of party ties, and holding in their own hands the balance of power, instead of allowing the Abolitionists proper to incline the balance, by throwing their weight in either scale, as it might suit their policy. *This can be done:* for the Free Soil representatives (elected on that ground alone) amount to but eleven thus far—a number contemptible indeed, if the other two parties were not so nicely balanced. Their power would at once be checked, were the Southern delegates to say sternly and decidedly to the two parties which have hitherto played fast and loose on this question, as it suited their interests—"Gentlemen, we go with you only on condition of your going with us. This slavery question is paramount with us and our people. We cannot consent to work in the same harness with you on other subjects, when you kick out of the traces the moment this one is approached, and leave us to struggle alone. We remember the closing scenes of the last session, when the votes were strictly sectional. If there is to be a repetition of that, we had better organize sectional parties at once—which will give us the *balance of power*—as your two Northern cliques never could agree about the partition of the party spoils, and must seek our aid, by which means we could *buy* your support."

From the Danville (Va.) Register.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND THE ABOLITIONISTS.

We invite the reader's particular attention to the article of our correspondent "*Union*," which, according to promise, appears in our paper of today. Though some of our readers may be inclined to differ from the conclusions at which the author arrives, yet they must all agree that he is a writer of no ordinary merit—evincing ability no less commanding than his style is captivating—a mind no less philosophical than his deductions are logical. Let not the length of the essay, then, deter any from reading it. It could not well have been shorter—it could not well have been abler. But, if its own merits fail to arrest attention in this age of literary laziness, when men shrink from the perusal of an essay half a column long, surely, the annunciation—the *argumentum ad hominem*—that it is from the pen of one of the first statesmen in the State, will insure its perusal by all classes.

"Extremes meet. The ultraist of South Carolina, and the ultraist of Massachusetts, are holding out their hands to each other, not in menace, as of old, but in friendship. They stand on the same platform, and, after a full and free communion, have come to the conclusion, that if their rights are not the same, that at least their wrongs admit of the same remedy. This great remedy is the disunion of the States of the American Confederacy. Disunion will abolish the institution of slavery on our continent, thinks the Abolitionist; disunion will perpetuate the institution of slavery, south of Mason and Dixon's line, thinks the representative of the wisdom of South Carolina. Now, one of the propositions, diametrically opposite, must be false. That both are held, there can be no question.

Mr. Calhoun—who so completely personifies South Carolina, that he is as much South Carolina as ever Louis XIV was France—it is true, throws a slight veil over his sentiments. But the veil is of the thinnest gauze, and is intended more to heighten charms than to conceal them—subserving far better the purposes of allurement, than of modesty. His followers and his friends, however, do not think it worth their while to wear even this veil of gossamer, and they stand confessed, naked advocates of disunion. They are bold and manly, it is true, in thus giving to the country their purposes and intentions; but are they equally bold and manly in giving us the reasons for these purposes and intentions? The Wilmot Proviso is the great grievance complained of; but the enmity of South Carolina to the Union is older than the Wilmot Proviso. This reason is kindly offered for the benefit of Virginia, and other loyal States of the South. The Proviso might be erased from the statute book of the country, slavery might be freely allowed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, all that the Abolitionists have done, and that Mr. Polk has failed to do, might be cured by the unanimous action of Congress, and yet Mr. Calhoun and his followers would still find some admirable reason for disunion.

The cause of this enmity to our glorious Union it is hardly worth while to inquire into. It may be the jealousy of weakness, the discontent of poverty—operating on States like it does on individuals of ill-regulated minds, causing them to hate what they despair of reaching by bold effort or honest emulation—or it may be disappointed ambition in the race of party—or, the most charitable, but the least probable reason—it may spring from an honest patriotism, unaided by a prudent judgment and a sound reason. Passing by the cause, the fact is notorious, that South Carolina is disloyal to the Union. Her Press, her Legislature, her public meetings, her people at church and at market, the cross roads and the bar-room, all testify, with a concert really marvellous, if the fact be not true, that the name, and the wisdom, and the counsels of Washington, are not hallowed in the heart of South Carolina. If this State were as other States of the Union, no danger would spring from this unnatural condition of her political affections, and the disorganizing tendencies of her political doctrines. If each citizen would for himself undertake to calculate the value of the Union, the Union would be safe. But the politicians of the State rule the State. The people are consulted by them, like the old Parliaments of France were consulted by the King, merely to comply with the forms of the constitution. In most of the States of our Confederacy, the constituent instructs his representative; but in South Carolina the representative instructs the constituent. This unnatural oligarchy, under the forms of Republicanism, renders our present condition so alarming.

That the leaders of South Carolina are ripe for dangerous action, there is no doubt; and the only hope of escape, a faint one, it is true, is, that the people, for once, will repudiate their rash advisers. The State, weak as she is in numbers, in territory, and in wealth, is, nevertheless, potent for mischief. Our Union, to be strong and beneficial, must be voluntary. Secession breaks its integrity, while coercion is, if possible, yet more fatal. Little Delaware herself holds in her hands the destiny of this great Republic. The slightest disloyalty on the part of the smallest member of our Confederacy should be looked on as an indication of most fearful omen.

Since disunion is threatened, let us look calmly and dispassionately at the consequences of it. I do not propose to calculate the advantages of union, for they are incalculable, but simply to point out the effects of disunion on the institution of slavery in the Southern States.

The Abolitionist thinks that disunion will, in the long run, utterly eradicate slavery on the American continent, and the Abolitionist thinks rightly and truly. A few words will make it plain.

I will say nothing of the difficulty of running a line of disunion, but run it where we will, it must be guarded, and that, too, at great cost. There will be no natural barrier to separate the contiguous States. Each must have its border closely studded with fortifications, which the experience of the continental States of Europe proves to be a source of enormous expenditure. An immense line of seacoast must be defended, a navy must be kept up, a standing army of a larger or smaller number of men must be held in readiness to repel invasion, for nations without sea or mountain to keep them asunder are always in danger of collision. A Legislature, an Executive, and a Judiciary Department, have to be established and supported. In short, the Southern Confederacy would cost as much, or nearly as much, as our present great Confederacy of thirty States. The necessity of defence against a jealous, and may be, a hostile neighbor, might make the small Confederacy even more expensive than the present great one. The revenue necessary to meet this great expense could not be derived from direct taxes, without intolerable pressure on the people. Like other nations, we should be compelled to resort to the easier and less burdensome expedient, of indirect taxes. In a word, a tariff, and a very high tariff, must be the result of a separate organization. Manufactures spring up under the genial encouragement. Free labor, as a necessary consequence, pours into the country. Now, free and slave labor are at war, when separated by the distance which divides South Carolina and Massachusetts. Shall we expect harmony when they look into each other's windows? The idea is preposterous. The slave will be looked on by the free laborer as his rival. The ballot box will be made to bear upon him, and the rivalry will cease. You must give the master a vote for each one of his slaves, or the institution of slavery will perish. A single manufactory, of six hundred hands, in the county of Pittsylvania, or Halifax, would turn the scale against the slaveholder in either of these counties.

Is it asked why the free laborer at present is not voting against the slaveholder? The answer is at hand. The free laborer is in a hopeless minority. Give to him a hope of success, and you will find him with the new allies which disunion will give to him. Did not a very faint hope of success, in 1832, draw out an alarming abolition vote in Virginia? Did not the great slaveholding county of Albemarle sustain at the polls one of its Representatives, who led the Abolition movement? When asked how he came to be returned, his characteristic reply was, "I appealed to the poor folks." This appeal has always been responded to by the poor folks, and always will. Can any one point to a single individual in Virginia, who has been weakened in popular favor by siding with abolition in 1832? Is not McDowell, who won his first and greenest laurels as an orator by an abolition speech, cherished by the Democracy? Has Preston lost caste with the Whigs? Or has the Richmond Enquirer had its subscription list curtailed by the lapse of a single name?

If slavery can scarcely now be sustained in Virginia, a plantation State, almost without manufactures, what will be its doom when an immense amount of free labor is infused into the body of the State, and each free laborer having the political power of the master of a hundred slaves? Almost every Southern State has universal suffrage, and the few exceptions are, one by one, falling into the general rule. Does any man who thinks, or can think, entertain the idea, for a single moment, that slavery can stand up in the face of a manufacturing population and universal suffrage? The former would melt it away by degrees, the latter would abolish it; but under the united blows of both, its destruction would be certain and sudden. Universal suffrage would not be more fatal to the National Church and the Peerage of England, than this same universal suffrage, combined with a manufacturing population, would be to slavery in the Southern States. If I were an Abolitionist, and were looking, without regard to other consequences, for a speedy remedy for the real or fancied evils of slavery, I would go for a disunion of these States. Now, the war of fanaticism and folly, waged by the North upon Southern slavery, keeps our people united in its defence. The pressure of the atmosphere does not more certainly keep our blood from breaking through artery and vein, than does the pressure of Northern opposition keep down the resistance of our own people, against the institution at their doors. Northern clamor is Southern protection.

But on what parallel of latitude will our northern line run? Shall we take Mason and Dixon's line? Who can answer for the sympathies of Maryland? Might she not prefer the sisterhood of Pennsylvania and New York, to that of South Carolina and Georgia? Would Virginia be unanimous in her choice of partners? Might not the Western portion prefer the Northern to the Southern alliance? Where will be Kentucky? Where Missouri? What will Louisiana do with her sugar, with a free West India competition in the markets of the world? What shall we do with the navy? What with the National Debt? What with the Mississippi?

These questions are more easily asked than answered. The truth is, that our country is more indivisible than any other on earth, and the folly which is bound up in the thought of disunion has no parallel but in its wickedness.

But let us suppose the line run—a peaceable division made—as peaceable as that between Lot and Abraham of old—suppose a convention has framed a new Constitution—suppose all the passions of its members hushed—all the compromises made, and all the safeguards established for the protection of slavery and liberty. We should set out on a summer sea, but how long would it be before we should meet with troubled waters? We should, at the first Congress, have a Northern and a Southern party—a tariff and an anti-tariff party—and, heaven save the mark! an abolition and an anti-abolition party—and these parties the more fierce, and the more unrelenting, for the intimacy of the contact. South Carolina would still have a thorn in the flesh. Maryland and Virginia, and Missouri and Kentucky, would soon be Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, under other names, but breathing the same hateful doctrines. There would be another disunion, and another, and yet another, until South Carolina would at last be the lone star, and in a position no longer to be defeated in her eager desire to invest a favorite son with the emblems of office.

Disunion presents, indeed, a dark future; and I envy the nerves of that man, though I do not his heart, who can look on it untroubled and undismayed. I almost rejoice, however, that the Union is again to be presented for discussion, again to be weighed in the affections of a free and intelligent people. Errors have periodical resurrections, and have to be buried by every generation anew; and truths are never so impregnably fortified, but that they invite occasional attacks, which call for vigorous defence. The union of the States, and the Constitution of the Union, were recommended to the love of our fathers by reason and experience; they had tried disunion, and had tasted its bitter fruits. We have inherited the faith of our fathers, and have looked on it as a thing too sacred to be touched without reverence. Now that it is rudely assailed, let us come up to its defence, and prove, by argument and reason, that it is the hallowed thing which our fathers thought it, and that it is indeed, and in truth, the veritable offspring of a wisdom and patriotism which have no counterparts at the present day. This will be done, and I greatly err if the day is not now dawning when the union of the States will be far dearer to Americans than it has ever been since the first gush of patriotism which ushered it into being.

But what shall we do, says the disunionist, in case the Wilmot Proviso is passed by Congress? To yield to this aggression will show so mean a spirit in the South, that we shall, in the long run, be brought to the feet of the North.

This whole question is an abstraction, or rather a punctilio, in which the North are wrong; but it is yet a punctilio, and nations have long since ceased to go to war for a punctilio. Trifles cease to place nations in deadly hostility against each other. Tea may now be spilt on a Mrs. Masham's gown, without being washed out in the blood of two kingdoms. Modern civilization has interests at stake, which the barbarism of past ages never dreamed of, in its highest prosperity. Kings and despots may make, as they have made, their subjects draw their swords, and spill their slavish blood, for a fancied insult, for a scoff, for a sneer; but a free people, who know the value of freedom, and the perils which surround it, will run no risk which its preservation does not demand. They will hardly be persuaded to forget the glories of the past, or their hopes of the future, that they may have the privilege of extending slavery where they do not expect or wish to extend it, and where, if it were planted, it would not grow. The prohibition of an unwished indulgence, I know, often awakes the dormant desire—oftener, however, in the minds of children, than of full-grown men; but that a serious national contention should grow out of such prohibition, would be something new in the annals of human folly.

When the Saviour of the world was asked how often we should forgive our brother, when he offended against us—till seven times? He replied, until seventy times seven. But the union of the States of this Confederacy should be nearer and dearer to us than any brotherhood; and if its preservation depend on patience, kindness, charity, and forgiveness, then I would forgive not seventy times, but seven hundred times seven. These are the doctrines of Scripture—a source whence have been derived more conservatism, more liberty, more solid wisdom, and more enduring political happiness, than from all that has been written by Grotius, Puffendorf, Vattel, or Montesquieu. When this Union is dissolved, it will be for something touching more nearly the interests of the South than Mr. Wilmot's proposition. A practical, a continued, and a weighty grievance, can alone drive any very large number of our people into the desperation of severing the bonds which have so long linked brethren together, and which have been forged by nature herself. We are one by position, we are one by language, we are one by interest; we have one past, one present, one future, and one we shall be, until we have fulfilled the mission on which God himself has sent us—involving in its mighty consequences the liberty, the civilization, the religion, of America and the world, now and forever.

UNION.

A WORD TO ABOLITIONISTS.

The following sensible and truly Christian letter of a Richmond merchant to the Northern Abolitionists, is copied from a late New York Observer, with that paper's brief introduction. All whose fanaticism is not hopelessly insane, it would seem to us, must be persuaded by this expostulation to discountenance any future assaults upon Southern feelings and Southern rights, so far as domestic slavery is concerned.

Richmond Enquirer.

Mr. Reeve, now of Richmond, Virginia, but a native of this State, a layman, and a commissioner who attended the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (New School) which held its meeting in May last, has sent us the following article, which we cheerfully insert, and hope it may be carefully pondered by those to whom it is addressed.—*N. Y. Observer.*

"I am a native of the State of New York, and as such address you. I love my native State, and honor all that is great and good in it. But I love my adopted State also, and my knowledge of her people justifies me in speaking of them with confidence. They have their faults, (and 'let him that is without sin cast the first stone,') but I know not a more devoted, warm-hearted body of Christians than is to be found here in the midst of slavery. Cease, then, to vilify and abuse them, 'lest haply ye be found even to fight against God' in the persons of his people.

"*Cease contending with an imaginary evil.* The abstract question of slavery is not the one at issue between us. Our country, by common consent, has decided that freemen shall not be subjected to slavery, and our laws make the foreign slave trade piracy. The question between us is, domestic slavery as it now exists in this country, and the duty of slaveholders respecting it. Now, I am no advocate of slavery. There are evils, possibly necessary evils, connected with the system, under the most favorable circumstances, which I deplore, and I desire most sincerely that the time may come when there will not be found a human being on earth in slavery, either to his fellow-man or to his own corrupt appetites and passions. In this wish we can probably unite, but in regard to the general character of slaveholders in this country, or to the time and mode of abolishing the system of slavery, we are at an irreconcilable distance from each other, and it cannot be presumptuous in me, after a residence of thirty-four years in the midst of slavery, to assume that I understand the system and the difficulties which are connected with its abolition better than most of you can possibly do. Bear in mind that this system did not originate with the present generation, nor with Southern men. Your

father, or grandfather, or perchance mine, may have had as much to do in originating and fostering it as any slaveholder now living. When you denounce us, then, as *pirates*, *murderers*, and *man-stealers*, (terms unseemly in the mouth of a professed follower or minister of the Lord Jesus Christ,) you may in effect be blighting the memory of those whom it is fair to presume you once loved and venerated.

"Although born and reared to manhood in the State of New York, yet, during all that period, there were slaves in my father's family, for emancipation under its wisely gradual operation had not then fully accomplished its work there; and who will venture to assert that New York would have been more ready to free her slaves than Virginia, had the circumstances of climate, crops, &c., been the same? I dare not, because I do not believe it. There is no more disposition to make sacrifices, for the sake of principle, among the people of my native than my adopted State. But to the question between us. You assert that it is our duty at once to free every slave, without reference to the welfare of master or servant; in short, without regard to consequences. This we deny, upon every principle that ought to influence the feelings or the conduct of men, viz: self-preservation, the real good of all parties concerned, and the word of God. Under the guidance of these, we are laboring as men, and as Christians, to find out what is our duty, with an honest purpose to discharge it. You cannot but see and feel that, after all, the slaveholder, and the slaveholder alone, under our Constitution and laws, can act finally and effectually in this matter, unless you intend by revolutionary measures, by imbruing your hands in a brother's blood, to accomplish the work of abolition by force. I am aware that there are a few reckless spirits who would even attempt this desperate, though necessarily fruitless effort; but I hope and believe 'better things' of the great body even of avowed Abolitionists.

"Permit me to say, then, that we shall make far greater progress in the work of gradual emancipation if we are let alone. Unkind attacks, harsh censures, inflammatory appeals to slaves, and efforts to aid them in escaping from their masters, are the most effectual means which you can employ to postpone an event which you profess to have so much at heart. I speak advisedly, when I assure you that your unwise and injudicious efforts (to use no stronger terms) have retarded the progress of emancipation, and thrown it back, in several of the States, many years. True, you have occasionally succeeded in liberating here and there an individual slave, and this may appear to your distorted imagination a great matter; but what are these few to the mass who are left? For every one freed by your injudicious efforts, you rivet the bonds with tenfold strength upon a thousand. You increase the severity of our slave laws, you discourage and cripple our efforts to instruct our slaves in the great principles of morality and religion; you would drive out of the slaveholding States every Northern minister now among us, and prevent others from coming here, and thus deprive both master and servant, to a great extent, of the blessings of a preached gospel. In short, in every way, you render the condition of the slave worse, *far worse*, than it would be if you had never meddled with the subject in the manner you have. I scarcely care to hope that my opinions and advice will have weight with you, or influence in any degree your conduct; but, if not, I shall have discharged my duty, and on you will rest the responsibility of rejecting the honest opinions of a Northern man, long resident in the midst of slavery, and placed in circumstances where he had all the advantages of experience and close observation.

"We are not opposed to a courteous and kind discussion of the subject. We are not surprised that men born and reared in the free States should disapprove of slavery. We have no quarrel with anti-slavery men for their honest opinions upon this subject, nor for their expression of them on suitable occasions. But we do object to the views of *immediate abolitionists*, and to the manner in which they express them, and attempt to carry them out.

"In conclusion, allow me to request that you will seek information upon this whole subject from reliable sources, and not altogether from prejudiced or interested parties. Look at the system and its evils as fully as you please, only avoiding distorted views of it. On the other hand, consider the extent and magnitude of the system, and how closely interwoven it is with all the social, civil, political, and religious institutions of our country, and the utter impossibility of rooting out such a system, with all connected with it, in a day. Consider that those who sustain the relation of masters are *men* and *Christians*; who, for intelligence, morality, and religion, claim to be your equals in every respect; and who cannot feel that you have a right to sit in judgment upon them, and denounce them, because they cannot see with your eyes. Learn to appreciate the character, feelings, and principles of slaveholders, and the almost insurmountable difficulties which surround the subject of general emancipation, even could all masters be brought to desire it; and may our common Lord and Master make the path of duty very clear to all parties interested in this great subject, and give them hearts to do His will.

"As I know not to what extent the views expressed will be acceptable to my brethren, I wish to involve no one but myself in the responsibility, and therefore append my proper name.

SAMUEL REEVE.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, *September* 3, 1849.

To the Editor of the National Era:

Since President Taylor issued his proclamation with regard to a descent upon Cuba by American adventurers, the subject has assumed a greater prominence in New York, and formed one of the topics of conversation, although it certainly cannot be said, as yet, to have taken any definite or intelligible shape.

During the summer, an unusual number of Cubans have been visiting New York. In general, they are young men, attached to wealthy and respectable families, of good education, but ardent, undisciplined, hot-blooded, with some streaks of the old Spanish chivalry in their composition, and taught by bitter and provoking experience on their native island the value of political liberty. These have long been ripe for rebellion and revolution. They actually writhe under the outrageous oppressions of the Spanish Government. They have lost all patience, and are ready for any extremity.

Of course, they have no digested plans, no clear ideas with regard to the future. Their desire for freedom is the result of impulse, not of reflection. They wish to throw off the accursed tyranny of Old Spain, to find themselves at home on their beautiful island, and to enjoy the social privileges which they see producing such admirable fruits in the United States. But they have no conception of the means to be used for the accomplishment of this end. They lack the spirit of system, of organization, of a shrewd adaptation of instruments; nor have they any general concert or arrangement among themselves.

Some of them appear to be imbued with the genuine sentiment of liberty. They are the friends of free labor and of free soil, as well as of political freedom. I have heard them argue with great earnestness and ability in favor of the abolition of slavery, and oppose annexation to the United States, except on condition of universal emancipation. How far this opinion prevails, I am wholly unable to say; but I fear not to any very considerable extent.

The influence of these transient Cubans is strengthened and inflamed by the presence of several refugees, who permanently reside in New York, and who, as might be supposed, lose no occasion to enforce their political convictions on their countrymen here, or on the acquaintances which they form, and in whose discretion they can confide. These are a very interesting set of men—for the most part of superior talents and cultivation—with the poetical temperament which leads one to court the fate of the martyr—and with that union of tenderness and strength of character which is the Providential reward of sacrifice and suffering in a noble cause. They are devoted to the accomplishment of the freedom of their native island. In the midst of poverty, of unaccustomed and incessant toil, of social obscurity, of blighted sympathies, of isolation, in fact, from all that is deemed most precious in life, this is their hope by day and their dream by night. This keeps them fresh and unworn, prevents their hearts from withering in the "dry and thirsty" land of strangers, and aids them to lead a high and beautiful life, in spite of their external privations.

I do not find that these take any active part in the arrangements for the "secret expedition." It were absurd to suppose that their counsels were not sought. But, whatever they may do, they keep in the back ground. They are not known as leaders or prominent agents in any preparations that are in progress, whatever may be the direction of their influence and sympathies in this respect. As far as I can learn, the movement here has been got up by idle adventurers—men of a military turn of mind, who, since the close of the Mexican war, are out of employment, and the restless, fickle, unprosperous, dare-devil spirits, with which every large city is always infested. They cover up their plans in profound secrecy; it is not known whether they are aiming at Cuba, Sierra Madre, or California; and at the public meetings nothing has been disclosed to shed much light on the enterprise, or to win confidence in its character. I have reason to believe, that behind the scenes there is a better description of wire-pullers, and that the project is not without a sprinkling of the genuine salt of enthusiasm. But, as far as anything has transpired, we see nothing which leads us to attach much importance to the movement. So far as New York is concerned, it will probably end in smoke, or gas, at the utmost.

You will see by this morning's papers the account of Lamartine's sudden attack with insanity. I perceive that full credence was not given to the report at Paris. We may hope that it is only a temporary access of the frightful malady. Still, it is not at all surprising that Lamartine should be the subject of such a visitation. With his mercurial, susceptible, imaginative temperament—the delicacy and pliability of his physical and moral nature—his sensitiveness to opinion—and his passion for success, for show, for brilliant and dazzling results, he was ill-adapted to struggle with misfortune and "take up arms against a sea of troubles." But this has been preeminently his fate. Calamities have come in upon him like a flood. The loss of office, the loss of popularity, the loss of property, and, finally, the loss of health, to cap the climax, have successively invaded the unhappy man of genius, and I can scarcely wonder that his brain should stagger under the blow.

The Caledonia brings us intelligence of the death of Henry Colman, of Boston, who, though not in public life, was conspicuously before the public eye, and was probably as extensively known as any private citizen of New England. His fame rests on his contributions to agricultural science, embodied in his series of reports, which are not only replete with valuable scientific information, but contain passages of picturesque beauty not surpassed in the pages of Irving. Mr. Colman was a bold and independent thinker, a warm-hearted man, with rare social qualities, and an early friend to temperance and anti-slavery, when those movements were less popular in Massachusetts than at present.

C. N. E.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ERA.

LONDON, *August* 17, 1849.

DEAR SIR: Looking round us, in time and space, historically and geographically, at the features and characteristics of the humanities and races of our globe, we are almost inevitably led to perceive the striking analogy that subsists between the social and the material atmosphere, between the planetary soul and the planetary body. In the atmosphere, floating around and above us, and in the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, we trace a variety of strata, and banks, and currents, superimposed upon each other, penetrating through each other, blending with and opposing each other. Similarly our race has been divided into strata of various antiquity and consistency, and into currents of greater or lesser velocity and density. I have been led to make these reflections, by a survey of the present atmosphere, political and social, of Europe. Perhaps, at no period of the history of man, have the elements that compose the political and social life of nations been in a state of greater discord, or the equilibrium of the different national strata more seriously threatened, and even impaired, than at present. There seems a general tendency to corruption and disruption, and an effort towards the combination and formation of new developments and phases. In support of this position, I will proceed to analyze the component elements of European society, and to prove, by facts, that they are exhausted in the present combination, and seeking new alliances, and that our political atmosphere is, at present, confusion worse confounded.

Let us first turn to France, the focus of European civilization. Everything is there a contradiction. The Republic has shaken hands with the Arch-autocrat of Russia, and, in conformity with his wishes, first strangled liberty at home, and then abroad. What can France have come to, that she, the propagator of liberty, progress, and the rights of man, should tamely submit to perform, not only the most scandalous, but the most ridiculous drama that has ever been witnessed on the stage of European politics? Old *Juste Milieu* and the *transparent* Guizot were bad enough, in all conscience, but the upstart Louis has out-heroded Herod. One almost wonders that, some fine night, the dark chambers of the Tuileries—those chambers that have witnessed such scenes of blood and woe, and reëchoed to the sobs and sighs of many a hero's soul—that they have not witnessed the shade of the Great Napoleon stalk through their sombre recesses, and appear before the pampered paltry boy who tarnishes his drooping eagles, and chastise him for his dastardly, cringing, craven deeds of commission and omission.

Little did that great soul imagine, when he said, that, in thirty years, Europe would be Republican or Cossack—that the son of his beloved Hortense would fling the gate wide, to let the Northern swarms inundate the continent, and help to dragoon liberty, as Nicholas's mrymidon. Tell it not at Austerlitz! Breathe it not at Jena! How are the mighty fallen!

Let us proceed to facts:

Though popular progress seems just now *in statu quo*, the governors appear to wish to atone for it, by Royal and Presidential progresses, *a la Queen Bess.* Unhappily, such kind of progress is a vicious circle, like our philosophy and civilization, for it ends where it begins. All the French intelligence is centered in the President's visit to the Seine Inferieure, accompanied by Thiers and Changarnier, who somehow eclipse the lesser light. Accounts state that his reception at Rouen and Havre was rather cold; and the good Mayor of Havre, who is a Fourrierist, lectured this spoilt child, which he did not quite relish. In his speech at Rouen, he gave another lamentable instance of childish self-laudation. He said that Thiers had very justly remarked, "The true genius of our age is simple good sense; and you," he added, "good people of Rouen, have shown your good sense, by adding 180,000 votes in favor of my election as President." I think that they must have bit their lips, somewhat, at this. Certainly, a fatality attaches to the Bonaparte family, just now, for, excepting Canino, they all cover themselves and the French arms with disgrace, instead of glory. Hence, no doubt, the remarkable propensity of Louis, to see the French troops defiling and *defiled*, wherever he does or does not go. Pierre Bonaparte has been getting up a regular Corsican brigand scene in the Chambers, by an assault on M. Gastier, on Friday last, for which he is to be tried to-day, the 17th August. To finish with Bonapartism, the President has had, it is said, a slight attack of cholera; but, alas, Richard is himself again!

Though France is far from electrifying Europe by her deeds of prowess, just now, and has, certainly, no Bayard, "*Sans peur et sans reproche*," for her President, electricity seems destined to exert a *momentous* influence on her, and all our destinies. England, the cloudy, foggy isle, gives one the idea of a great electric battery, just now, and I see that the French President has accorded to a Mr. Jacob Brett, one of our enterprising countrymen, his authorization to establish a sub-marine telegraph between Calais and Boulogne, and Dover. All the expenses are left at the charge of Mr. Brett, but he is insured a privilege of ten years, in case the experiment should succeed. The work is to be terminated in September, 1850, but it will probably be completed sooner. It is impossible to conceive what the results of this undertaking will be on the relations of England and France, for London and Paris will be then in instantaneous communication. Between ourselves, I think it will do more than your friend Elihu Burritt, and his Congress, to establish peace and good will among the nations. These are the things that silently and surely change the whole mass of nations, while political revolutions just agitate the surface, and leave not a trace behind. Physical science has been, is, and ever shall be, world without end, the great renovator of mankind. Electricity is becoming, evidently, an agent of primary importance, recent experiments having proved its intimate connection with the cholera, which seems to prevail or subside in proportion to its proper diffusion and equilibrium. One can scarcely avoid seeing a remarkable correspondence between the present social and material atmospheres of Europe, where the want of balance in the great vital fluid has generated, in one case, civil and international war, in the other, cholera.

Recent events have abundantly proved the weak side of *ne plus ultra* political revolutions. Thiers, O. Barrot, and Co, think it simple good sense to patch up old, rotten institutions, by eternally recurring darns, after having crippled every timely effort to regenerate the State, by sending the only men who could do it to the right about. Hence, the Republic is and must be a failure, and the revolution of '48 thrown away. I will prove this by facts: An income tax is about to be established in France, to meet the increased charges caused by the revolution, amounting to 205,498,428 frs. In the course of '48, the public debt was augmented, by additional *rentes*, 56,201,800 francs; and, in spite of new taxes and loans, the deficit of the year amounted to 72,160,000 francs. In 1849, the estimated deficit of the budget was 180,000,000 francs. In the face of this startling difference between receipts and expenditure, comes the ugly fact, that the new taxes, upon which the receipts were partly estimated, were not voted. It is seldom that any legislative assembly has a more awkward financial position presented to its notice than that of France at the present time. To meet these difficulties, the income tax is voted, which is estimated to bring in 60,000,000 francs, in 1860. It is to be fixed, at first, at one per cent. on all incomes, without distinction of origin or nature. *Nous verrons.* A feeling of strong discontent is reported to prevail in Paris, as well as Rome, in connection with the reactionary conduct of the Pope's Triumvirate, and it is stated that remonstrances have been addressed to his Holiness, by the French Government, on this subject. The Archbishop of Paris has addressed a long letter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, on the subject of Venice. He considers it a question of justice, humanity, and civilization; the terms proposed by Austria being of unheard-of severity, and requiring an unconditional surrender. The Archbishop thinks that, without engaging in a war with Austria, France and England ought to arbitrate in it the cause of the opressed. This spirited and noble epistle has, of course, been censured by the *Journal des Debats*, the organ of French disgrace.

The statements recently furnished to the French Government report the country to be in a more thriving state; and add, that a greater feeling of security is beginning to prevail. The source whence the report originates, seems to render it problematical, to say the least. In the words of Byron, I must say, "Farewell to thee, France," and better luck await thee. Poor Italy is crushed awhile, though Venice still holds out the flag of liberty. You will be glad to learn that, after Garibaldi's band broke up, and the Austrians had popped off some of his men, he, the true-hearted and brave, made a dash, and has got to Venice. The prisons of Bologna are crammed with men, suspected of being Republicans. Would that they could get to America—Republicans may *breathe* there. I hear that the treaty between Austria and Sardinia is finally ratified at Vienna, and they are now recalling their bloodhounds to badger the Hungarians. Hungary claims now the sympathy of Britain, and fixes the eyes of Europe. God speed the gallant band of heroes! Field Marshal Haynau, the Imperialist butcher, has burnt down Szegedin, but not before he had endured a very severe fight under its walls. I find that the absolutist organs in this country admit that the Austrians suffered an immense loss at the affair at Comorn.

There are, as usual, contradictory rumors afloat at Vienna, concerning the events of the campaign in Hungary. Some accounts state that Paskiewitch, Grabbe, and their Russians, have been thoroughly thrashed by Gorgey; have lost their baggage, and are in full retreat. To judge from the past Hungarian success, the news seems probable. One thing is certain, that there has been much fighting between these commanders, at Mishkolz, on the banks of the river Sajo, where a series of drawn battles took place on the 23d, 24th, and 25th ult.; after which, Gorgey, by skilful strategy, led the Russians a painful march through the morasses of the Theiss. The friends of Hungary in Vienna report (11th instant) that the Hungarians had recovered Pesth, and by the last news from Paris there are reports that the Austrian Government has resolved to negotiate with the Magyars.

As to Germany, Prussia is playing the part of a petty Russia there. She has just pocketed the little States of the elder branch of the provinces of Hohenzollern, who have resigned through the ultra-democratic principles of their people, which made their seat very uncomfortable. By this acquisition, Prussia pokes her nose into Southern Germany, where she has just ruined the lovely valleys of Swabia, and is now making a target of the breasts of her noblest sons, at Rastadt. Switzerland, the only spot where the tree of liberty flourishes in central Europe, is itself threatened by these harpies, the King having a great longing for bagging Neufchatel. However, Baden and Wurtemberg have shown in their elections that they are not at all cowed by the disastrous issue of their late insurrections. In Saxony, the next Chambers are certain to be quite democratic, and the same spirit is exhibited at Königsberg. They are determined to nominate Waldeck, who is in prison on a charge of high treason, and Jacobi, a Jewish refugee in Switzerland. By the way, I hear that many of the Swiss refugees have received passports for America; this is a sign of more than M. Thiers's simple good sense.

A word on England, and then I must close. The cholera and the Queen's progress are the only topics of interest, and two more contradictions—the house of feasting and the house of mourning. The Registrar General's report of deaths in London for the week ending August 11th, was 1,909, whereas 901 over the average were attributed to cholera and diarrhœa, showing a slight decrease in mortality from that of the previous week. On August 15th, the cases of cholera in London amounted to 430, the deaths to 185. General total in England and Wales, 877 cases and 354 deaths.

After a short stay in Ireland, and a review at the Phœnix, in Dublin, the Queen has braved the battle of the elements and the breeze of a regular Nor'wester, and, deluged with mountain dew, has disappeared in the mist somewhere up towards the polar regions, where the Prince occasionally indulges in hyperborean spirits and gambols with his royal better-half, glad of escape from the bore of Court etiquette, and to rough it amidst the shaggy realities of the land of thistles and oat cakes.

England expresses great sympathy for Hungary, and makes outrageous grimaces at those villanous Russians, but she will do nothing. I often feel both glad and sorry that we have got our national debt. Glad, for if we hadn't, ten to one the Whigs would back the Russians; sorry, for with an enlightened Government, and unencumbered with debt, we should be the liberators of Europe.

I often look wistfully to America, to see if the stars are brightening there. O, if she would but wipe out that foul stain of slavery, that ties her hands and mars all her noble impulses, she might become the champion of independence all the world over, and sweep tyranny from the face of the earth forever. May such be her glorious destiny!

Salutation and fraternity,

I. R. MORELL.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Caledonia arrived at Boston on Friday afternoon. In looking over our files, we find that from Hungary the signs are all very cheering, notwithstanding some few bad reports.

HUNGARY AND AUSTRIA.

From the western theatre of war, we learn that the defeat of the Austrians before Comorn was more serious than was at first supposed. The Magyars are swarming through the whole country, far and wide. They already stand between Wieselburg and Hochstrass; have occupied Szerdahely, in the Schutt, and northwards, by Neuhausel; have thrown a bridge over the Neutra.

A steamer, with troops and ammunition, is said to have fallen into their hands. One thing at least is certain, they have not withdrawn yet into their fortress; on the contrary, the corps destined for relieving Comorn, in case of need, the strength of which cannot accurately be given, is partly on the right bank of the Danube and partly in the Schutt. The slaughter of the Austrians in the late sortie was terrific. The artillerymen were nearly all killed; and, out of one battalion of 1,000 men, only 200 escaped.

At Lemberg, on the 31st ultimo, a milliner, accused of making Kossuth cockades, and of having persuaded or coaxed her husband to play the spy, was taken to the barracks by the Russians, and there punished with thirty blows from rods, or rather sticks, on her bare back.

The accounts from Vienna are of much interest. The accounts of the entrance of the Hungarians from Comorn into Raab, have been fully confirmed; and they only differ as to the extent of booty which was secured in and near Raab by the Magyars. One estimate, and that about the highest one, says that they captured 4,000 oxen, 50,000 uniforms, a very large quantity of corn, flour, gunpowder, some copper money, and eleven pieces of artillery; and that they also made a battalion of Italian foot prisoners. The greatest alarm was excited in Vienna and Presburg by the news of the advance of the Hungarians, whose outposts are said to have appeared in Weiselburg. All the troops which could possibly be spared from Vienna were immediately dispatched by railway to Presburg.

It is admitted by a Russian bulletin, No. 15, published at Warsaw, not only that the Magyars have entered Moldavia, with a force from 4,000 to 5,000 strong, but that they previously defeated the Russians in the pass of Gjtu, killing 40 and wounding 126 of their men. After this affair, the Russians retired to Oneski, in Moldavia.

Prince Orloff arrived at Vienna on the tenth, from the headquarters of Paskiewitch; he brought the intelligence of the rout of Paskiewitch's army by Gorgey. No bulletin had been published, and the Imperialists in Vienna were in a state of panic. The communications between Pesth and Vienna are entirely cut off by the Magyars, who, it was rumored, had retaken Pesth and Buda.

The army of Haynau, even if he should have effected his junction with Jellachich, is now completely isolated.

Letters from Cracow say a Russian corps of observation of 40,000 men has been concentrated on our frontiers, in case the Hungarians should attempt an invasion of Poland. Nearly all the troops of Gallicia have already entered Hungary. Six or seven couriers from England, France, and Russia, traverse the city daily. It is asserted that, in consequence of representations from England and France, the Russians will evacuate Hungary in the course of forty days.

The Paris Presse, of Tuesday, states that a letter was received the previous day, by a member of the commission of the Legislative Assembly, announcing that the great Russian army had been completely defeated by the Magyars. It was added, that the Russian army of reserve was marching night and day towards Podolia and Nolbynia, which were uncovered by defeat, and which provinces the Emperor Nicholas feared would be invaded by the victorious Hungarians.

It is stated in the Cologne Gazette, that the public executioner of Presburg has refused to execute the sentences of death, by hanging, passed by the court-martial, on some Hungarian nobles, and has offered his resignation. The executioner of Erunn had accordingly been sent to Presburg.

It is uncertain whether the Magyars have remained at Raab, though it is more than probable that they have.

The post between Vienna and Pesth was interrupted, and no letters had arrived from Raab. Letters from Wieselburg, of the day before, stated that the insurgents were still in Raab, and had pushed their outposts to beyond Hochstresse. The reinforcements sent from Vienna, Moravia, and Bohemia, consisted of 16 battalions. It was reported that the Hungarians had entered Szered, on the Waag.

The movements of Gen. Gorgey's Hungarian corps are quite uncertain; and while one account says he has crossed the Theiss, another denies it. The Russian General, Sacken, is said to occupy Kaschau, and to intend moving to reinforce the Austrians before Comorn.

The Vienna papers state officially that General Haynau entered Szegeden, on the 2d, without experiencing any resistance.

Accounts from the south state that the Ban was preparing to resume the offensive, and that the Imperialists had succeeded in destroying, by a fire ship, the bridge of boats which connected Peterwarden with the left bank of the Danube. The ultra-Sclavonic party in Agram have obstinately refused to publish the Constitution of Francis Joseph, when called upon to do so by the Ban of Croatia, basing their opposition upon the right given them by their own old Constitution, of discussing every new law in the Diet.

Vienna papers of the 12th instant contain an official despatch from the headquarters of General Luders, in Schassburg, (Transylvania,) stating that on the 31st ultimo a battle took place between his corps and the Hungarian army under Bem, in which the latter was defeated, and the Russian General, Skariatin, killed by a cannon ball. One thousand Hungarians are said to have been killed in this battle. They were pursued by the Cossacks, who took seven field pieces, two standards, a large quantity of ammunition, and Gen. Bem's travelling calash, containing important papers. Five hundred prisoners, too, were captured by the Russians. The Russian losses are quoted at 44 killed and 106 wounded.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

In England, the most important harvest operations are going forward in all parts of the country; upon the whole, there is every appearance of the harvest being abundant.

The cholera was still raging in London and Wales, and on the south coast of England.

The weather in Ireland has undergone a very unfavorable change. A disastrous flood has occurred in the neighborhood of Limerick.

The Queen's visit to Ireland has terminated with the same enthusiastic delight with which it commenced.

The royal entry into Glasgow took place on Tuesday. The authorities presented the accustomed address, and the Scotch showed as much enthusiasm as the Irish.

Austria has ordered her frontier to be closed against all Englishmen and Americans, except those having an ambassador's passport, stating distinctly the place where the traveller is going, and his object in proceeding.

The Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia has just sent, in his own name and in that of his wife, 5,000,000 silver roubles, to be distributed to the army by the military authorities of Moscow.

A splendid riding whip has been presented by Lord Shelborne to young Hernandez, the wonderful American equestrian, as a compliment to his daring achievements in the ring.

The English papers give an account of a colliery explosion, by which 70 human beings and 7 horses were killed.

ITALY.

The first acts of the commission appointed by the Pope were to annul all the laws made since the 16th of November, to reconstitute the tribunals, and to reinstate the functionaries who had been dismissed. Great dissatisfaction was created in Rome by a measure, by which all the paper money put in circulation during the existence of a provisional government, was lowered in value to the extent of 35 per cent., or, in other words, the 100 piastre note was brought down to 65 piastres.

A letter from Rome of the 5th instant says: "Our capital, so perfectly tranquil during the last fortnight, has suddenly resumed a warlike appearance. Corps of cavalry and infantry are encamped during the night on the principal square; the horses are saddled, and the guns loaded. Four pieces of artillery are pointed on the Piazza del Populo towards the three great streets, the Corso, Via Ripelto, and Via del Babuino. Squadrons of cavalry and strong detachments of infantry patrol at night the streets of the city. General Oudinot, on being informed of the measure reducing by one-third the value of the paper money, and anxious to prevent a popular insurrection, asked that the decree should not be posted up through the town; but the Pontifical Commission placed under his eyes his declaration of the day before, by which he resigned all his power into the hands of the delegates of the Holy Father, and the General was obliged to allow the promulgation of the decree."

The prisons are crowded with persons of all ages and sexes, and arrests are taking place every day.

At Bologna the Austrians are seizing, shooting, and bastinadoing the unfortunate citizens at discretion. Neither life nor property is safe where the Austrian troops are.

It was reported that the Pontifical troops would be disbanded, and that the garrison of Rome would be formed of French, Spanish, Austrian, and Neapolitan soldiers.

It is said that the French Government has determined to withdraw 9,000 troops from the Roman States; 3,000 are to be withdrawn immediately, 3,000 in a fortnight, and the last 3,000 in a month.

Accounts were received at Bologna on the 8th, that the Austrians had, on the preceding day, seized and shot the priest, Bassi, one of the most eloquent preachers of Bologna. Bassi, it appears, had officiated as chaplain to Garibaldi's troops. Levraghi, a Lombard, who had been one of Garibaldi's officers, was shot at the same time as Bassi. Garibaldi himself, it is said, has succeeded in reembarking, and is now in Venice.

FRANCE.

A fight took place in the French Assembly, on the 16th of August. The subject under discussion was the application of the attorney general of Besançon, for leave to prosecute two representatives, MM. Sommier and Richardt, for the publication of seditious articles in the Democratic Jurassienne. M. Dariste read one of the articles headed "Restoration of the Political Scaffold." When he came to the following passage, referring to the execution of the assassin of General Brea, "Where was the President? He was resting from the fatigues of the ball the night before, and recruiting strength for the ball of the next night. What was it to him? Had he not his 600,000 francs a year to spend?" M. Gastier, an aged representative, belonging to the left, exclaimed, "It is quite true!" M. Pierre Bonaparte, who happened to be sitting near him, immediately addressed him, and said, "Oh, you do not know my cousin, or you would not say so. It is not true." The other then retorted, "Oh, I know better, it is quite true." M. Pierre Bonaparte then said, "No, I say not." On which, M. Gastier hastily exclaimed, "You are an imbecile," which was replied to in an instant by a slap on the face from M. Pierre Bonaparte. A scene of great confusion ensued, and nearly ten minutes elapsed before the parties could be separated. On the following day a requisition for authority to prosecute M. Bonaparte was granted. M. Gastier is upwards of 70 years of age.

The judicial examination of the case terminated by an order of the Chamber of Council, that the representative be sent before the Correctional Police, under a charge of voluntary blows and assault. The case is to come on before the 6th of September.

The committee on the proposition of the members of the Mountain, relative to Hungarian independence, has unanimously decided to propose to the Assembly not to take it into consideration.

It is considered likely that Gen. Oudinot will be raised to the rank of marshal of France.

The principal feature of the week's intelligence is the journey of the President to Rouen, Havre, &c. He left Paris on the 11th instant for the former city, where he arrived at 1 o'clock, and was received with much enthusiasm, and cries of "Vive le President," "Vive la Republique," &c.

It was said that on his return journey Louis Napeleon had an attack of cholerine.

The Archbishop of Paris has addressed a long letter to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, strongly advocating the joint interference of France and England in bringing about a settlement of the differences between Austria and Venice, and saving the latter from the inexorable conditions which the former wishes to impose upon her.

M. Guizot has announced himself as a candidate for the functions of member of the Council General of the department of Calvados.

M. de Lamartine is completely ruined. After making efforts almost as great as those of Sir Walter Scott to save his patrimony, it is at length to be inevitably consigned to the auctioneer's hammer.

The French Government, it is said, have received information that Austria had applied to Bavaria for military assistance, and that the latter Power was about to send 50,000 troops to protect the Austrian capital.

A modification in the Ministry was thought likely, by the retirement of Messrs. Dufaure and Odillon Barrot.

GERMANY.

The Ministry of the Central Power has published a circular note to the several Governments of Germany, in which it protests against the treaty with Denmark, the terms of which were not submitted to its sanction or approval, and reserves to the different States the right of accepting or rejecting it. At the same time it admits, that it cannot authorize a continuance of the war by any one or more Powers, "as it, in fact, has ceased to be a German one," and has therefore thought proper to coincide so far with Prussia as to give orders for the cessation of hostilities to the generals commanding, who would equally put an end to them had no such orders been issued at all.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

The following, which we find in the New York Express, was received from London at Liverpool, by telegraph:

HAMBURG, *August* 14.

Yesterday, when the second battalion of the 15th regiment of Prussian infantry arrived, the people gathered in great masses and pelted them with stones; another party tried to shut the gates, by which they were entering, against them. The soldiers used their arms against the people, and a serious conflict took place.

The loss of the military was trifling, but that of the people considerable. Ten soldiers were carried to the hospital; thirty or forty people were wounded. During the night, some of the National Guards united with the multitude, and erected barricades close to the riding-school, where the battalions were quartered.

At these barricades fresh conflicts ensued. Towards the morning, the barricades were cleared, and a little later everything was quiet.

A letter received in Paris from Vienna, states, positively, that the Government had resolved to negotiate with the Hungarians.

Great excitement prevailed in Vienna, in consequence of the speech of Count Brandenburgh. Lloyd uses even hostile language. "It is remarkable," says this paper, "that the name of Austria is not once mentioned in the opening speech. It wants now to control Prussia in reality at the head of Germany."

There was a report in Paris that the Pope had been assassinated, but there was no truth in the rumor, for the Times, in a second edition, on Friday, does not even mention it.

At Vienna, on the 12th, an official despatch from the Russian General, Luder, was published, announcing a battle between his forces and those of Bem, in which the Hungarians were totally defeated, having 1,000 killed, and leaving in the hands of the Russians 500 prisoners. Bem himself was wounded and nearly captured, and the Russian General, Skariatin, killed by a cannon shot. The Russians captured seven field-pieces, two standards, and Bem's carriage. In the carriage were important despatches from Kossuth, in which he urges him to excite the Turks against the Russians, who in this engagement had only 44 killed and 106 wounded. This despatch, no doubt, relates to the old affair, and the account is obviously grossly exaggerated.

A council of Ministers was held in Paris, on Friday morning, for the consideration of important questions of foreign policy. They have had information of the intention of the Bavarian Government to march 50,000 men to Vienna, to cover the capital, while the Austrian troops were operating in Hungary.

The Milan Gazette, of the 5th, officially announces the defeat of Garibaldi, near San Marino, by the Austrian troops. Eight hundred of his men were made prisoners, and transported to Rimini. Accounts in the Milan Gazette of the 7th state:

"That Garibaldi, after escaping from Cezanatico, on board some fishing boats, was attacked by some Austrian ships, and forced to take refuge at Magnavacca, near Commachio, where some of the band escaped into the forests, with which that part of the country abounds. Several of Garibaldi's fishing boats were captured and sunk, and numbers of his followers were taken or perished; but Garibaldi himself was among them who escaped. Troops were immediately sent from Ferrara, and succeeded in taking some of Garibaldi's followers, but Garibaldi himself is still in flight."

The last report is, that he has succeeded in escaping to Venice.

GOOD SENTIMENTS.

We cut the following from the *Loudoun* (Va.) *Chronicle:*

"The spirit of Republicanism is everywhere ascending—the rights of man are everywhere beginning to be comprehended—the 'right divine' of Kings and nobles is a blasphemy against Heaven, now scouted, contemned, and repudiated—the independence of human thought is everywhere realized. The Western World, that but a brief while ago bore only the footprints of the beast of the field, or the scarcely less savage red man, now offers a refuge, an asylum to the oppressed of other lands, and a beacon light to the reformers of every clime. Human liberty and human happiness are proven to be inseparable. Religion is no longer recognised as the prop of a corrupt hierarchy, a mystery of pollution, an enslaver of man—but as the spirit of peace, the preceptor of purity, justice, and philanthropy—the inculcator of equality, and the elevator of intellectual man.

"And we still progress. There is life, vigor, energy, and improvement, in every revolution of the diurnal wheel. Few have leisure to speculate on the changes that occur. All are active; and practical experience is the light which guides each pilot. To what are we hastening? The downfall of Kings and kingly power, and the supremacy of knowledge and essential religion, must afford a reply. Man is the creature of his God—all things else are created for him. Governments are for his use, and governors are his agents. Man is above them all; the days of hereditary rule and "Royal Right Divine" are passed and gone. The mind to conceive, and the skill to execute, are the attributes that give warrant of human greatness; and, when adorned by great virtues, these will secure for their possessor the confidence of man and the advancement of such authority as the welfare of society demands."

NEW BOOKS AT THE ANTI-SLAVERY DEPOSITORY, NEW YORK.

A REVIEW of the Causes and Consequences of the Mexican War. By William Jay. 333 pages 12mo, bound in cloth, and lettered. Price 75 cents; in paper covers, to go by mail, 50 cents.

A Tribute for the Negro: A Vindication of the Moral, Intellectual, and Religious Capabilities of the Colored Portion of Mankind. Demy octavo, nearly 600 pages, beautifully printed on fine paper, bound in cloth, full gilt back and side, with 10 engravings. Published in Manchester, England. Price $3.

Law and Government: The Origin, Nature, Extent, and Necessity of Divine and Human Government, and of Religious Liberty. By Harman Kingsbury. 236 pages 12mo, cloth and gilt. Price 50 cents.

Free Soil Minstrel: A Republication of the Liberty Minstrel, with considerable additions. 228 pages 12mo, cloth bound, and lettered. Price reduced to 37 1-2 cents.

The Black Code of the District of Columbia, in force September 1, 1848. By W. G. Snethen, Counsellor at Law. A beautiful covered pamphlet of 64 pages octavo. Price 25 cents.

Amanda: A Tale for the Times. By Dr. W. H. Brisbane. Originally published in the National Era. 52 pages 12mo, covered. Price 12 1-2 cents.

Calumny Refuted by Facts from Liberia. By the Author of "A Tribute for the Negro." 48 pages 12mo, covered. Price 12 1-2 cents. Published in London, 1848.

Address to the Non-Slaveholders of the South, on the Social and Political Evils of Slavery. A Tract of 58 pages—$35 per 1,000, $4 per 100, 50 cents per dozen, 5 cents single.

Narrative of Nehemiah Caulkins, an Extract from "American Slavery as It Is." A Tract of 24 pages—$14 per 1,000, $1.50 per 100, 20 cents per dozen, 2 cents single.

Resolutions of the Wisconsin Legislature, on the Subject of Slavery; with the Speech of Samuel D. Hastings in the Assembly, Madison, January 27, 1849. A Tract of 32 pages—$18 per 1,000, $2 per 100, 30 cents per dozen, 3 cents single.

Address of the Free Soil Association of the District of Columbia to the People of the United States. 16 pages octavo—$1.50 per 100, 2 cents single.

Together with a general assortment of standard publications on the subject of Slavery, at wholesale and retail.

☞ A few hundreds of the Liberty Almanac for 1849, for gratuitous distribution.

Books of every description, for sale in New York, will be obtained, on order, for friends of the Society.

Orders must be accompanied by the cash, and specify the *mode of conveyance* by which the books are to be forwarded. ALL tracts and pamphlets weighing less than an ounce and a half are charged two and a half cents each, for any distance, if sent by mail.

WILLIAM HARNED,
Agent of the Am. and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society,
Sept. 6. No. 61 John street.

NO FELLOWSHIP WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

A SCRIPTURAL ARGUMENT in favor of withdrawing fellowship from Churches and Ecclesiastical Bodies tolerating Slaveholding among them, by Rev. Silas McKeen, of Bradford, Vermont, is the title of a tract of 40 pages, just published by the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and for sale at their Depository in New York. Price—$2.50 a hundred; single copy, 3 cents.

WILLIAM HARNED, Agent,
April 20. 61 John street, New York.

ECLECTIC MEDICAL INSTITUTE OF CINCINNATI.

THE next course of Lectures in this Institution will commence on the first Monday of November, 1849, and continue until the 15th of March, 1850. But one session will hereafter be held annually. A gratuitous preliminary course will commence the first Monday of October, and continue one month. The Faculty of the Institute will be arranged as follows:

Horatio P. Gatchell, M. D., Professor of Special, General, and Pathological Anatomy.

Joseph R. Buchanan, M. D., Professor of Physiology and Institutes of Medicine.

Thomas V. Morrow, M. D., Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine and Pathology.

Storm Rosa, M. D., Professor of Principles and Practice of Homeopathy.

Benjamin L. Hill, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Surgical Practice.

Lorenzo E. Jones, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, and Medical Botany.

John B. Stallo, A. M., Professor of Chemistry, Pharmacy, and Medical Jurisprudence.

Wooster Beach, M. D., Emeritus Professor of Clinical Medicine.

James Milot, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy and Surgical Prosector.

This Institution was chartered by the Legislature of Ohio in 1845, and is under the control of an efficient Board of Trustees, who, in conjunction with the Faculty, have full powers to confer all the degrees that are conferred by any medical college in the United States. Since the establishment of the Institute, in 1845, the total number of its matriculated students has been 618—a number unequalled by any Western school in a similar length of time from its foundation. In four years it has risen to be the fifth American school in number of matriculated students, and eighth in number of graduates.

All departments of medical science are carefully taught, by a course of six or seven daily lectures, with critical examinations, and a weekly medical and surgical clinique. Not only are the common elements of medical science taught, (which are accessible in other schools and in the standard text books,) but a very large amount of interesting and necessary knowledge is imparted, which is not obtainable in other schools. Important discoveries in the physiology of the nervous system, (not yet in print,) an extensive knowledge of our indigenous botanic materia medica, and an American system of medical practice, which changes for the better three-fourths of the details of the healing art, have constituted the attractions of the Institute. The superiority of the Eclectic system of Therapeutics, Surgery, and Obstetrics, has caused its rapid diffusion throughout the United States; and at the present time there is a much greater demand for educated Eclectic practitioners than can possibly be supplied for years. The City Cholera Hospital of Cincinnati, under the control of Eclectic physicians, exhibited but about one-half the mortality of hospitals under the old practice; and the private treatment of cholera, by Eclectic physicians, in Cincinnati, exhibits a mortality of but four and one-third per cent. in more than fifteen hundred cases. In other diseases, the Eclectic treatment presents a similar superiority. The leading principle of Eclecticism is to select liberally, from all sources, the best methods of treatment, but to reject all dangerous and deleterious methods, which impair the vital powers of the patient. Hence the mercurial, antimonial, blood-letting system of treatment, being replaced by better agencies, is regarded as unscientific and obsolete.

In addition to the above, the Homeopathic practice, which has everywhere proved far superior to the Allopathic, either in hospital or in private practice, (a knowledge of which is indispensable to a thorough medical education,) is fully taught in the Institute by an able Homeopathic practitioner, unanimously nominated for the post by the Western Homeopathic Convention.

Candidates for the degree of Doctor of Medicine must have attained the age of twenty-one years, and, in addition to the usual preliminary study, have attended two courses of lectures, on each of the departments of medical science, in this or some legally incorporated medical school, the last of which shall be in this, and shall be competent to sustain a thorough examination before the Faculty. Four years reputable practice, and an attendance on one full course in this institution, also entitles the student to become a candidate for graduation.

The tickets of Professors (ten dollars each) amount to seventy dollars. The matriculation fee is three dollars; the demonstrator's ticket, five dollars; the library ticket, (optional,) two dollars. Any student, by paying one hundred dollars in advance, will secure the right to attend as many courses as are necessary for the completion of his studies. (Graduation and matriculation fees not included.) Good board may be had for two dollars or two dollars and a half per week. One student from each judicial district in the State of Ohio will be educated gratuitously. It is the duty of the President Judge of the district to designate some poor but meritorious young gentleman for this situation, who will be admitted free, and charged only for the ticket of matriculation, which is three dollars. Students are recommended to furnish themselves with one or more of the following text-books: Wilson, Horner, and Wistar, on Anatomy; Williams, Allison, and Stille, on Pathology; Carpenter, Oliver, and Dunglison, on Physiology; Beach, Wood, Eberle, and Watson, on Medical Practice; Cooper and Gibson, on Surgery; Meigs and Beach, on Midwifery; Beach, U. S. Dispensatory, and Eberle, on the Materia Medica; Gardner and Turner, on Chemistry; Hartman Herring, and Hull's Laurie, on Homeopathy, as well as other standard works.

Students arriving in the city will please call at the residence of the undersigned, first door west of the Methodist chapel, on Ninth street, between Race and Elm. Those desiring further information will please direct a letter, post paid, to

T. V. MORROW, M. D.,
Sept. 6. Dean of the Faculty.

J. WARREN MASON,

COMMISSION MERCHANT, for the purchase and sale of Flour, Grain, Provisions, Salt, &c., No. 60 Quay, corner of Hudson street, up stairs, Albany, N. Y. Sept. 6.

TALAFERRO'S COUNTERACTING CHURN.

THIS churn works with a crank and wheel, as Culver's concave beater churn, being equally as convenient and easily cleansed, having the advantage of making the butter a little quicker, and *gathering* it much better and quicker. It was constructed with an eye to this object. Taking the cream from the jar, without any preparation in the way of regulating the temperature, &c., we have obtained the butter in eight minutes, at the ordinary motion. A child five years old can do the churning. Persons having fresh cows, and more than we have, can extract the butter from the cream in a shorter time than we have.

It is said by others that with this churn butter may be made in a short time from the fresh milk—the milk afterwards sweet, and fit for table use.

Doubtless, the churn is a great time and labor saving machine, and we love to see improvement encouraged, and can commend this churn to the numerous families who read your paper, as the best we have ever seen.

The inventor and proprietor, Mr. Nicholas Talaferro, lives in Bracken county, Kentucky, near the town of Augusta. He will sell rights on fair terms.

Sept. 6. JOHN G. FEE.

FITS! FITS!! FITS!!!

DR. HART'S VEGETABLE EXTRACT.

THE astonishing success which has attended the use of this invaluable medicine for epileptic fits, (or falling sickness,) spasms, cramps, convulsions, &c., renders it the most valuable medicine ever discovered. In fact, as a remedy for the above diseases, it stands unrivalled and alone. There is no other reliable remedy. It has been said that epilepsy is incurable. This, however, is not the fact. Dr. Hart's Vegetable Extract has and is constantly curing this distressing complaint, as the following testimony, received from physicians and others, will show:

Judge Rundall, 156 Henry street, New York, having used the Vegetable Extract successfully in his family, highly recommends it to all persons who are afflicted with fits.

Mr. Stephen E. Pratt, corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-sixth street, New York, states that Mr. Charles H. Boughton, a member of his family, had been so severely afflicted with epileptic fits for many years, that he was obliged to relinquish his business. Having used Dr. Hart's Vegetable Extract, (says Mr. Pratt,) he was soon restored to perfect health, and left this city for the State of Ohio, to resume his business.

Rev. Mr. Smith, Rector of St. Peter's church, Spotswood, New Jersey, who has been afflicted with epileptic fits for more than forty years, states that he has used Dr. Hart's Vegetable Extract, and his health has been so much improved, that he hopes by Divine blessing to have no more fits.

Epileptic Fits,

Of twenty-seven years and six months, cured by the use of this truly wonderful medicine.

Read the following remarkable case of the son of William Secore, Esq., of Philadelphia, afflicted with epileptic fits twenty-seven years and six months. After travelling through England, Scotland, Germany, and France, consulting the most eminent physicians, and expending, for medicine, medical treatment and advice three thousand dollars, returned with his son to this country in November last, without receiving any benefit whatever, and was cured by using Dr. Hart's Vegetable Extract.

Mr. William Secore's letter to Dr. Hart.

I have spent over three thousand dollars for medicine and medical attendance. I was advised to take a tour to Europe with him, which I did. I first visited England. I consulted the most eminent physicians there in respect to his case; they examined him, and prescribed accordingly. I remained there three months without perceiving any change for the better, which cost me about two hundred and fifty dollars, pocketed by the physicians; and the most that I received was their opinion that my son's case was hopeless, and

Positively Incurable.

I accordingly left England, travelled through Scotland, Germany, and France, and returned home in the month of November last, with my son as far from being cured as when I left. I saw your advertisement in one of the New York papers, and concluded to try Hart's Vegetable Extract, seeing your statements and certificates of so many cures, some of twenty and thirty years' standing; and I can assure you I am not sorry I did so, as by the use of Hart's Vegetable Extract alone he was restored to

Perfect Health.

His reason, which was so far gone as to unfit him for business, is entirely restored, with the prospect now before him of life, health, and usefulness. He is now twenty-eight years of age, and twenty-seven years and six months of this time has been afflicted with this most dreadful of diseases, but, thank God, is now enjoying good health.

Now, sir, faith without works I don't believe in. To say I shall be ever grateful to you is one thing; and as I here enclose you one hundred dollars, I have no doubt you will consider this another and quite a different thing. The debt of gratitude I still owe you; but please accept this amount as interest on the debt in advance.

Yours, very respectfully, WILLIAM SECORE.

Two Remarkable Cures.

BANGOR, MAINE, *June* 5, 1849.

GENTLEMEN: I have the pleasure of informing you that Dr. Hart's Vegetable Extract has been the means of effecting a complete cure of a married lady who has been afflicted with fits four years. I have another case of a girl in the city, who has been afflicted with fits four years. Her age is sixteen. I have the pleasure of informing you that in both cases a complete cure has been effected by the use of Dr. Hart's Vegetable Extract. In haste, I remain yours,

DAVID BUGBEE.

Messrs. THOMAS & MILES.

The Time is not Far Distant,

When thousands who are now trembling under the hand of this dreadful disease, and fearing that every attack may prove fatal, will find permanent relief, and be restored to new life, by using this celebrated medicine.

Over One Thousand Certificates

Have been received in testimony of the beneficial results produced by the use of Dr. Hart's Vegetable Extract.

☞ Prepared by S. HART, M. D., New York.

Price: One package	$3.00
Four packages	10.00
Eight packages	20.00

☞ It is carefully packed up in boxes for transportation, and sent to any part of the United States, Mexico, and West Indies.

This valuable medicine can be obtained of the following agents:

A. B. & D. Sands, corner of William and Fulton streets, New York.

Abel Tompkins, 38 Cornhill, and Seth W. Fowle, Boston.

Dr. Dyott, 132 North Second street, Philadelphia.

Seth S. Hance, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore.

E. & H. Gaylord, Cleveland. J. H. Reed & Co., Chicago.

G. F. Thomas, (late Thomas & Miles,) 169 Main street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Sept. 6—eotNov16

FIRE-PROOF CHESTS.

PATENT Salamander Soapstone lined Iron Chests, that will stand more fire than any others made in this country. Also, a large supply of Patent Air Chamber Iron Chests, 700 now in use, and we still make chests in the ordinary way, at very low prices. Slate-lined Refrigerators, Water Filters, Portable Water Closets for the sick and infirm. Seal and Letter Copying Presses, Fire-Proof Doors for Banks and Stores.

EVANS & WATSON,
76 South Third street, Philadelphia.

N. B. Country Merchants are invited to call and examine for themselves, before purchasing elsewhere. Feb. 1.

STOMACH BITTERS.

ANTI-DYSPEPTIC & STOMACH BITTERS.

DR. Aloysius Chatard's Anti-Dyspeptic and Stomach Bitters will effectually cure dyspepsia, liver complaint, chronic or nervous debility, indigestion, diseases of the kidneys, and all diseases arising from a

Weak or Disordered Stomach.

They soon remove all acidity, and give tone and action to the stomach, and assist digestion; they are *ENTIRELY VEGETABLE*, and contain *NO ALCOHOLIC STIMULANT*, and will in every case *PERMANENTLY DESTROY THE MOST OBSTINATE COSTIVENESS*, and renovate the whole system, removing all impurities from the body, and remnants of previous disease, and give health and vigor to the frame, thereby preventing frightful dreams, walking while asleep, &c., which often accompany the above afflictions.

Persons of sedentary habits should occasionally use them; they will prevent much pain and sickness and depression of spirits.

Derangement of the Liver and Stomach

Are sources of insanity. From disorder or obstruction, a morbid action of the sympathetic and other nerves follows, and the functions of the brain are impaired and deranged; derangement there will also produce disease of the heart, skin, lungs, and kidneys. It is owing to the same cause that thousands die with cholera, bilious or yellow fever, and that most baneful disease, consumption.

THE LIVER.—Its office is to secrete the bile, and separate all impurities from the blood. Then, how necessary for the health is the proper performance of this function; *IF DISEASED, IT CANNOT PURIFY THE BLOOD*, which, if sent to the lungs, brain, and other parts of the system, in a morbid condition, will cause jaundice, insanity, consumption &c., &c., and by withholding the stimulus from the intestines, produce dyspepsia, piles, and many other complaints.

THE STOMACH is an important organ in the economy, as upon it you depend for the success and all the advantages to be derived from the administration of internal medicines. Its functions are of the utmost importance to every one, as it constitutes the source and fountain of life, which is, nutrition. No organ possesses such remarkable sympathies, none such remarkable power in modifying every part of the system.

WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN are made strong by using these Bitters. In fact, they are a family medicine—they can be administered with perfect safety to a child one year old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.

Persons visiting districts harassed annually with fever and ague, or any fever of a bilious nature, will find that by the timely use of one or two bottles, they will not in one instance take this disease, as they will renovate and strengthen the system, and carry the bile off in its natural channel. Prevention is better than cure.

Price, $1 per bottle; six bottles, $5.

Agents for Chatard's Stomach Bitters.

A. B. & D. Sands, corner of Fulton and William streets, New York.

Abel Tompkins, 38 Cornhill, Boston.

L. Wilcox, Pittsburgh, Pa. Gad Chapin, Louisville, Ky.

J. H. Reed, Chicago, Ill.

G. F. Thomas, (late Thomas & Miles,) 169 Main street, Cincinnati.

Henry Killbourne & Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Sept. 6.—eotNov16

JEWETT & PRESCOTT'S NEW STOCK FOR FALL TRADE.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL *SILK AND SHAWL STORE*, No. 2 Milk street, Boston.

5,000 new Cashmere Shawls, all shapes, sizes, qualities, and prices.

50 packages superior Black Silks, extra width, for dresses, visites, mantillas, &c.

50 packages Dress Silks, figured, plain, and striped, in choice chameleon shades.

1,000 Plaid Long and Square Shawls, of the very best styles.

400 pieces Thibet Cloths and French Merinos, in most admirable colors.

Cases Thibet Cashmeres, Lyonese Cloths, and Alpaccas, for dresses.

Cases German, French, and India Satins, all qualities and colors.

Cartons palm-fig'd Cashmere and rich Crape Shawls, all colors.

Cartons Thibet and Silk Shawls, in black and fancy colors.

300 pieces superior Black Bombazines.

Rich Black and Colored Silk Velvets, all widths.

Cloaks, Mantillas, Visites, &c., of every pattern and material.

Mourning Shawls and Silk Goods, of all kinds — to which we ask particular attention.

☞ *It is enough* to say that from this gigantic and incomparable assortment of

SILK GOODS AND SHAWLS,

Purchasers will be served with any quantity, from a sixpence worth to a package, and always *at prices entirely beyond the reach of competition.*

Merchants in the country, ladies buying for their own use, and all others, are invited to test the advantage of buying at

Jewett & Prescott's Silk and Shawl Store,

No. 2 Milk street, (a few steps out of Washington street.)

August 30.—3mi

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

CONTENTS OF No. 277. — Price, twelve and a half cents.

1. Austria and Hungary.—*Edinburgh Review.*
2. Macaulay's History of England.—*Ib.*
3. Pestalozziana.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*
4. A Lady who has Seen the World.—*Sharpe's Magazine.*
5. Our Foreign Policy.—*Spectator.*
6. France, Italy, and the Czar.—*Walter Savage Landor.*

With Poetry and Short Articles.

Published weekly, at six dollars a year, by

E. LITTELL & CO., Boston.

WASHINGTON, *December* 27, 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science, which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, & WINDOW SHADES.

MERCHANTS from the South and West would be amply recompensed by making cheap purchases for cash, by calling at the Carpet, Oil Cloth, and Window Shade Depot, Nos. 18 and 20 North Second street, Philadelphia, second floor, one door below Christ Church.

Three thousand pieces of Wilton, Brussels, Imperial, Ingrain, Damask, and Venitian Carpetings, with Oil Cloths, Mats, Rugs, Looking Glasses, Blinds, Window Shades, and Mattings, wholesale and retail, very low.

☞ Liberal advances made on consignments of Carpetings and Oil Cloths. J. SIDNEY JONES.

March 15.—1am12t

MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. VII.—JUNE, 1849.

EDITED by Theodore Parker. Devoted to the Great Questions of the Day, in Politics, Religion, Humanity, &c. Terms, three dollars per year, in advance.

New subscribers, remitting four dollars and a half, will be supplied with the work from the beginning to the close of the second volume.

Liberal commissions allowed to agents for new subscribers.

Contents of No. 7.

ART. 1. The Methodology of Mesmerism.
2. The Ocean, and its Meaning in Nature.
3. Macaulay's History of England.
4. Short Reviews and Notices.

COOLIDGE & WILEY, Publishers,
June 14.—1mi No. 12 Water street, Boston.

NEW YORK READING ROOM.

FREE READING ROOM at the Publication Office and Depository of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, No. 61 John street, New York. — The advantages and accommodations of this establishment (superior to any other of the kind in this country) are positively free to all. In addition to all the Liberty party newspapers now published, will be found a variety of others, Anti-Slavery, *favorable*, and Pro-Slavery, comprising, in all, files of nearly one hundred weekly, semi-monthly, and monthly periodicals, published in nineteen of the United States, in Canada, Great Britain, France, and Holland. A special invitation is extended to friends and strangers visiting New York, to spend their leisure time in looking over this extensive collection of useful information.

The National Era is received at the Reading Room, from Washington, by the earliest mail, and single copies may be purchased every Friday morning.

Nov. 11. WILLIAM HARNED, Office Agent.

TO INVENTORS.

THE subscribers offer their services to persons wishing to obtain patents in the United States or in foreign countries, and will prepare specifications and drawings, and take all necessary steps to secure a patent.

From their long experience as practical mechanics, added to a thorough knowledge of the Patent Laws, and acquaintance with the details connected with the business of the Patent Office, they trust they will be able to give satisfaction to their employers, both in the clearness and precision of their specifications, and in the promptness and ability with which they transact all business intrusted to them.

Persons residing at a distance may procure all necessary information, have their business transacted, and obtain a patent, by writing to the subscribers, without incurring the expense of a personal attendance at Washington.

Models can be sent with perfect safety by the Expresses.

Rough sketches and descriptions can be sent by mail.

For evidence of their competence and integrity, they would respectfully refer to all those for whom they have transacted business.

Letters must be post paid.

Office on F street, opposite the Patent Office.

P. H. WATSON.
June 7. E. S. RENWICK.

THE CHEAPEST ANTI-SLAVERY TRACT YET PUBLISHED.

THE ADDRESS OF THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN LIBERTY CONVENTION, held at Cincinnati, June 11th and 12th, 1845, to the People of the United States: with notes, by a citizen of Pennsylvania. A pamphlet, containing 15 closely printed octavo pages of facts and statistics, showing the effects of Southern Slavery on the interests of this country; on fine paper and handsome type, and sold at the exceedingly low rate of ten dollars per thousand, or one dollar per hundred!

Orders, post paid, enclosing the money, and addressed to the subscriber, will be promptly executed; the order should state distinctly by what mode of conveyance they are to be sent.

WILLIAM HARNED,
March 30. 61 John street, New York.

LARD FOR OIL.

LARD WANTED.—Cash paid for corn, mast, and slop-fed Lard. Apply to

THOMAS EMERY, Lard Oil Manufacturer,
Jan. 20. 33 Water street, near Walnut, Cincinnati, O.

LARD OIL.

IMPROVED LARD OIL.—Lard Oil of the finest quality, equal to sperm for combustion, also for machinery and woollens, being manufactured without acids, can always be purchased and shipped in strong barrels, prepared expressly to prevent leakage. Orders received and executed for the Lake, Atlantic, and Southern cities, also for the West Indies and Canadas. Apply to

THOMAS EMERY, Lard Oil Manufacturer,
Jan. 20. 33 Water street, near Walnut, Cincinnati, O.

JUDGE JAY'S LETTER TO BISHOP IVES.

A LETTER to the Right Rev. L. Silliman Ives, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of North Carolina: occasioned by his late Address to the Convention of his Diocese. By WILLIAM JAY. Third edition.

The numerous readers of this most excellent and interesting letter, published in the National Era in 1847, will be pleased to know that it has been handsomely stereotyped, under the direction of the Executive Committee of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and is now for sale at $2.40 per hundred, or three cents single.

Orders, accompanied by the cash, and directing by what conveyance they may be forwarded, will be promptly executed by

WILLIAM HARNED,
April 13. 61 John Street, New York.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

For the National Era.

NUMBER OF SLAVEHOLDERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

No census has ever given us the number of slaveholders. We hear and see and feel so much of their power, that we are apt to confound them with *the white population of the South*. It is one of our popular delusions, that every Southerner is the owner of slaves; whereas, in fact, the people who are forever threatening to dissolve the Union, unless permitted to govern it, are a very small landed aristocracy.

In "An Address to the Non-Slaveholders of the South," published a few years since, there was a long array of arguments and statistics, to prove that each master could not, on an average, hold less than *ten* slaves. Of course, on this average, the slave population, divided by ten, would give the number of owners, viz: 248,771. This number, deducted from the *white males* over 20 years old, in the slave States and Territories, viz: 1,016,307, would give us 767,596 adult white non-slaveholders.

A fact has recently come to light, that most conclusively proves that this supposed average of ten slaves to the master is very far below the true number. It seems there was a census taken (1848) in Kentucky of voters, slaves, and slaveholders. Mr. Underwood of that State, in a recent speech published in the New York Express, gives the number of voters as 139,612—of slaves, 192,470—and of *slaveholders*, **8,743!!** being an average of more than **22** slaves to each master. Now, let it be recollected, that the slaves are necessarily less concentrated upon Kentucky farms, than they are upon the large cotton and sugar plantations of the more southern States. It is well known that the great planters hold from 100 to 2,000 slaves. A letter, lately published in the newspapers, from the Parish of Ascension, Louisiana, giving an account of the ravages of the cholera in the neighborhood, says: "Mr. Fish has lost 20 negroes, Kenner 31, Deile 40, Minor 66, Colonel Bibb has lost 70; Bishop Polk 64." But applying even the Kentucky ratio, which is obviously too small, to the whole slave region, the result is astounding. The whole number of slaves—men, women, and children—were, by the last census, 2,487,711. This number, divided by 22, gives **113,077** as the sum total of the slaveholders in the United States. Beyond all question, this is an exaggerated estimate.

We are now qualified to judge of the accuracy of the reports made by the slaveholders themselves of their number.

Mr. Horace Mann, in a speech, June 30, 1848, in the House of Represent[a]ives, observed: "I have seen the number of actual slaveholders variously estimated, but the highest estimate I have ever seen is *three hundred thousand*." He was here interrupted by Mr. Gayle of Alabama—"If the gentleman from Massachusetts has been informed that the number of slaveholders is only 300,000, then I will tell him his information is *utterly false*." Mr. Mann—"Will the gentleman tell us how many there are?" Mr. Gayle—"Ten times as many." Ten times 300,000 being 3,000,000, there were, according to the gentleman from Alabama, more slaveholders than slaves! Mr. Meade, of Virginia, seeing the awkward position in which Mr. Gale had placed himself, came to his relief by remarking—"When father or mother owned slaves, they were considered the *joint property of the family*; and that, including the grown and the young, there were about three millions interested in slave property." Thus was it attempted to neutralize one absurdity by another. Allowing on an average six persons to a family, the slaveholders, their wives and children, cannot, in the aggregate, exceed 600,000, nor the slaveholding voters, 100,000!

This small but powerful aristocracy wield the political authority of the States in which they reside; and this they do, not only through their wealth and superior education, but by making the masses believe that, by protecting and perpetuating slavery, they are promoting the common good. According to Mr. Underwood, there is in Kentucky a majority of 130,867 non-slaveholding voters; yet, at the recent election, most of these men were persuaded by "the Lords of the Lash" to go for everlasting slavery.

It is obvious that the power of the masters rests wholly upon the ignorance and subserviency of the non-slaveholders. Hence the wrath and trepidation manifested by the masters, whenever an attempt is made to enlighten the masses as to the influence of Slavery on *their* interests. Some years ago, the New Orleans papers announced that 500 copies of an address to the non-slaveholders had been received at the Post Office in that city; but, instead of being delivered to the persons to whom they were addressed, they were BURNT!

Mr. Barrett has recently been arrested in South Carolina, and is now in prison. His sole offence, and the only one of which he is accused, is that of having deposited in the Post Office, sealed wrappers, addressed to certain white citizens, containing a printed tract, written by a native of the State, and virtually addressed to the non-slaveholders of South Carolina. This tract points out various provisions in the State Constitution which it contends were contrived to give a political preponderance to the owners of slaves. It shows that the representation of the several counties in the Legislature is apportioned according to the *slave* and not to the white population. Thus it appears, from the tables given, that the two plantation districts of Georgetown and Beaufort, contaning 7,743 whites and 45,673 slaves, have together 6 senators and 10 representatives, while the district of Spartanburg, having 17,924 whites and only 5,687 slaves, has but 1 senator and 5 representatives. In this manner, care is taken to give the few slaveholders more representatives than the many non-slaveholders. To such an extent is this system carried, that less than *one third* of the free white population elect a majority of the members of both Houses of the Legislature! The tract also shows that the property qualification for a seat in the Legislature is virtually an exclusion of non-slaveholders. No man can be elected to the lower House, unless he possesses real estate worth $700, clear of debt, or 500 acres of land and TEN NEGROES! To be a Senator requires double the amount of real estate. The Legislature being thus secured to the slaveholders, that body appoints the whole judiciary, including Justices of the Peace, and also the Presidential Electors; and to perpetuate this monopoly of slaveholding power, no alteration can be made in the Constitution but with the consent of two-thirds of two successive Legislatures. The writer proposes a voluntary Convention to form a new Constitution, to be submitted to the Legislature. Not a word is said against Slavery as unjust or immoral, but its pernicious influence upon the poor whites is pointed out, and its *extension* to the new Territories, to which the poor whites are flocking, is deprecated.

For putting this tract into the Post Office, under blank covers, addressed to white citizens, Mr. Barrett is treated as a felon, and denounced as "an incendiary Abolitionist;" and, as we learn from a South Carolina journal, is liable to "twelve months' imprisonment and one thousand dollars fine." Nay, we are assured, "there is more than a possibility that Barrett may be indicted for an offence, the penalty of which is DEATH, without benefit of clergy; and assuredly, if convicted, all the Abolitionists in the United States cannot save him."

We see in these efforts of the slaveholders to keep their indigent fellow-citizens in ignorance of the wrongs they suffer, and of the rights to which they are entitled, and to punish whoever would enlighten them, a despotism as jealous and as heartless as any known in the Old World.

Our 100,000 slaveholders are now threatening 20,000,000, of people with rebellion and civil war, if forbidden to establish, over vast regions of the American continent now free, the system of white serfage, with a landed aristocracy, with which South Carolina is cursed. To their insolent and iniquitous demand, the WILMOT PROVISO interposes a stern denial. But multitudes of Northern citizens, recreant to their own republican professions, are devising how they may coöperate with the champions of human bondage, in preventing the enactment of the Proviso. Many of the Whig leaders, fearful of offending their Southern allies, are heaping contempt upon the Proviso, calling it "*an abstraction*," and denouncing those who insist upon it, as *a faction!* The Hunker Democracy, in the face of the world, unblushingly avow that they cannot consent to divide the party, and thus sacrifice their expectations of power and emolument, merely to secure the future liberty and happiness of New Mexico and California. Never since the birthday of the Republic has any great political association been actuated by more generous and disinterested motives, or proposed a more noble end, than the FREE SOIL PARTY. For this party are reserved the plaudits, and for the Northern mercenaries of the Southern aristocracy the reprobation, of unborn generations. A. B.

August, 1849.

For the National Era.

THE NAVY—ITS IMPROVEMENT.

MR. EDITOR: The discussions of Congress have disclosed the fact that American sailors, free men, the men that do *the labor* of navigating our ships; the men whose praise is sung by every poet; whose noble daring and generosity is the theme of every political speech; and without whom our Navy would be useless ornaments in our navy yards; that these men are frequently flogged on the decks of our public vessels, and in sight of the flag of our country, by the authority of the people of the country whose honor they protect.

Among the many inconsistencies practiced by our Government, this of inflicting stripes upon free men, as practiced in the Navy, is not the least. The fact is admitted by naval officers and members of both Houses of Congress, is proven by the Navy records, and justified by our Government, chiefly on the ground that there is no other way of enforcing order in the Navy. The number of lashes varies—so that several hundred may be and sometimes are inflicted on an individual in a short voyage.

My first remark is, that our country ought not to accept any service that has to be extorted by the lash. We are all one people—the sailor equal in privilege naturally to the officer. If either is guilty of *doing positive wrong*, restrain such—punish if you please, but let the same class of punishments be prescribed for all. If either is unwilling to act as required, dismiss him; the officer may resign, so let the sailor; the officer *may* be dismissed for bad conduct, inflict the same upon the sailor.

Again: We boast that every man must be tried by his peers. The sailor is not so tried. Those who sentence him are generally the very persons whose chief pride is to keep sailors in subordination, and admit no law but martial law. Let the sailor be tried by a jury of sailors, instead of officers, and there would be few floggings on the complaints of Middys or other officers; but if officers must decide when sailors are to be flogged, let the sailors have some chance, by becoming the jury to decide when officers should be punished—it is a poor rule that won't work both ways.

I shall be laughed at by the host of young officers and their friends, for these notions. Laugh on. Men have laughed at me often; and, in most cases, have adopted my views, and been ashamed of their opposition.

If the above is too radical, let me propose what is clearly practical.

Let no man be recruited when intoxicated, or who uses intoxicating drinks. Let no recruiting office be open within a given distance from drinking establishments. Let no man be recruited who cannot give evidence of good moral character, and let him be retained only so long as he sustains that character. Let comfortable provision be made for sailors on board ship; especially relieve them from oppressions of pursers; treat them always like free men, of like feelings with officers; pay them good wages, so good as to make the place an object, and the profit respectable. More than all, make it a condition that no new commission shall issue, except to those who have proved themselves capable by serving as sailors a given number of years—thus exciting emulation in the sailor, by holding out the prospect of suitable rewards. No one thing has done so much to degrade the sailor as the aristocratic rule of selecting greenhorns for officers, over the heads of sailors far more competent to direct.

These green ones go on board of a ship, for the first time, with commissions in their pockets, and, after observing the skill of sailors a short time, begin to command, when they ought to be apprentices to the very men over whom they assume authority. To these things sailors object. They know their own superiority; and to treat with respect such officers is hard.

Adopt some of the last-named rules, and our sailors will be of the very best youth in the land, and our officers will always be men of experience. "This will cost too much." Perhaps so. Then let the navy rot. We don't deserve a navy, if we cannot man it from our own ranks; and no man should be allowed to go on a ship's deck to lose any of that high-souled sense of manhood that is the best guarantee for his faithfulness.

But this is not really the objection. If we pay high wages to sailors, enlist none but good, moral men, and always appoint officers from the ranks, we shall shut out the swarm of young loafers, whose friends look to the Navy and Army for places to fasten them upon the National Treasury for support.

It is treason to urge the doctrine of Jefferson in reference to our navy; the fact is, we have three times as much Navy as we want, and three times as many officers as we should have for our navy. Treat the sailors like men; feed, clothe, and pay them well, and take all new officers from their ranks, and those who now cry loudest for extending the navy, will agree to reduce it.

Let Free-Soilers show their sincerity by bringing forward some measure for substantial improvement, that will protect, improve, and elevate the sailor; this is the true protective system.

CAPE COD IN OHIO.

For the National Era.

PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY—PROPOSITION OF "PRESBUTEROS."

In the last number of the *National Era*, I find a communication signed "PRESBUTEROS," in relation to the recent action of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, (New School,) and the duty of Anti-Slavery Presbyterians to *come out* and form "a Western General *Synod*, including all the free States and Territories west of the Alleghany Mountains, and all the brethren in the Western slave States who will unite on Anti-Slavery principles." As your correspondent expresses a "hope that Anti-Slavery men will interchange views, so that there may be a concert of action," I will endeavor, as briefly as possible, to state my objections to his plan. Before I do this, however, let me say that, in regard to the duty and necessity of all Anti-Slavery Christians coming out from their pro-slavery ecclesiastical connections, and forming an organization uncontaminated by such influences, we have no difference of opinion. I am only surprised that your correspondent did not arrive at the same conclusion three years ago, at least; or, rather, it is surprising that any of us, with the Bible in our hands, should ever have entertained any other notions. My objections, then, lie only against the proposed *plan* of separation and organization, and are these, to wit:

1. *The plan of separation.*

"The different Presbyteries can take action, and declare themselves independent of the General Assembly; Synods can do the same; and *if it be found that enough desire an Anti-Slavery organization*, it can be formed as extensively as may be thought best, by calling a convention." The italicising is my own. This looks to me very much like saying, "Let us meet together and feel each other's pulse, and if we find we can *take a crowd* we will do our duty; but *if we fail* in this, we had better stay by our flesh-pots a while longer." I know not that such was the meaning of "Presbuteros;" I hope it was not. But I fear such will be the construction put upon the language I have italicised; and I know, too, that it is the popular doctrine of the present day in relation to this subject. Now, it is either *right* or *wrong*, independently of the action of Presbyteries or Synods, to hold connection with a pro-slavery church. If it is *wrong*, no ecclesiastical action, nor anything else, can make it *right* beyond the point where the hope of reformation fails. But if, on the contrary, it be *right* to hold such connection, then to break that connection is schismatical and wrong; and the fact that it is done by Presbyteries and Synods does not make it the less so than when done by individuals. If the connection is *wrong*, (and "Presbuteros" has shown it to be so,) then it is the duty of every *individual* to break that connection, whether he receives *absolution* by Presbyteries and Synods or not. He is bound not to "follow a multitude to do evil." No man has a right to merge his *individuality* into an *organization* in such a sense as to *lose it*.

2. *The plan of a Western General Synod.*

I am opposed to *sectionalities*, and especially so in the formation of a church organization. What have our Anti-Slavery Presbyterian brethren *east* of the Alleghany Mountains been guilty of, that they must have no connection with us? Are they "sinners above all in Galilee?" I know it may be said that they can form an Eastern Synod. But suppose they should not be strong enough to form a *Synod?* Shall we cross the *Red Sea* and take possession of the land of promise, while we leave them with the Pharaohs and the task-masters of Egypt? And even if they were sufficiently numerous to form an Eastern Synod, still there ought to be a bond of union between them. Why not, then, in forming an organization, at once make its boundaries coextensive with the whole continent? Let us, then, have no "*Western* General Synod," but an organization that shall extend its fraternal arms for the embrace of all Anti-Slavery Presbyterians, north or south, east or west.

3. *A convention for such a purpose is unnecessary.*

Such a Presbyterian organization as that to which I have alluded is already in existence, (though it may have escaped the observation of "*Presbuteros*,") and has been for more than two years. Their last "Pastoral Letter" is immediately following the communication of "Presbuteros," in the last *Era*. After the refusal of the General Assembly of 1846 to insert the word *slaveholding* in the list of violations of the eighth commandment, or to take such other action as would make that sin disciplinable, a convention met in Cincinnati, and organized "*The Free Presbyterian Church of America*." During the fall of 1847, the "*Free Synod of Cincinnati*" was organized, which precisely answers to what your correspondent wishes to accomplish in a "Western General Synod." From the action of the organizing convention I extract the following particulars, to wit:

1. "That the Confession of Faith and Catechisms of the Presbyterian church in the United States of America be adopted as the bond of union of this body." 2. "That the name shall be The Free Presbyterian Church of America." 3. "That the Form of Government and the Book of Discipline, as amended and ratified by the General Assembly of 1821, be adopted."

To the Form of Government was prefixed the following declaration on the subject of human rights:

"I. God has made of one blood all nations of men; consequently, all human beings, endowed with rationality, have an equal right to freedom.

"II. The holding of human beings as property is destructive of all the ends for which man was created and endowed with rational powers, and consequently one of the greatest evils that can be inflicted on human nature; highly immoral, and entirely inconsistent with Christian character and profession.

"III No person holding slaves, or advocating the rightfulness of slaveholding, can be a member of this body.

"IV. That no Church, Presbytery, or Synod, tolerating slaveholders, or the advocates of slaveholding, can be a constituent part of this body."

This body has already been acknowledged by the Free Church of Scotland, the General Assembly of Ireland, and the Congregational Union of England and Wales—from all of which bodies they have had letters of fraternal greeting, so that the cry of *schism*, which was heard faintly at its inception, has become *impotent*. The body has been on the steady increase since its first organization. The Free Synod of Cincinnati holds its next meeting in New Athens, Ohio, on the third Friday of April, 1850. Why, then, put brethren to the trouble and expense of another convention, when precisely the same object has already been gained? W. G. K.

From Godey's Lady's Book for September.

THE TWO THOMPSONS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"God made the country, and man made the town."

It has become very fashionable of late, with writers of a certain grade, to draw invidious comparisons between the city and country, and to dwell pathetically upon the miseries and mortifications to which town-bred people are subjected by unsolicited and interminable visitations from their rural acquaintances.

For some years past, the patient public has been deluged with dolorously ludicrous tales and sketches on these same delightful topics; they have a strong family likeness, and their features are something of this sort: A wealthy and aristocratic city family, elegant, polite, and refined to the last degree, are, some fatal morning, surprised, taken by storm, by the incursion of certain low-bred, illiterate, scheming, drawling, impertinent, and altogether disgusting country people, in bell-crowned hats and steeple-crowned bonnets, sheeps-gray and flaunting calico, flourishing bandannas; telling endless stories in an impossible dialect; laughing loud, guessing and asking questions; a wild, predatory race, yet in primeval ignorance of the mysteries of silver forks, napkins, finger-glasses, party hours, French cooking, the polka, and the opera; a bold and venturous people, who, with eyes yet unsealed to behold the rude material and curious cut of their own clothes, or the appalling greenness which is sprouting out of every crevice of their characters, give themselves up with a charming abandon to the enjoyment of their new atmosphere and surroundings, undazzled and unoppressed by luxury and state, spread themselves extensively on damask sofas, and are delightfully at home on embroidered ottomans and in velvet *fauteuils*.

The men, who are invariably coarse, loud-voiced, and rough-shod, alarm and stun the courteous master of the house with long, political harangues, rank with that bar-room democracy which takes the fact of an American being a gentleman as a proof of his being bribed with "British gold," and looks upon a display of clean linen as the sure insignia of aristocracy. The women, familiar and exacting, drag their amiable hostess, a sweet, uncomplaining martyr to her politeness, all over town, on endless shopping expeditions; or go forth slyly, by themselves, and come back, heated and noisy, to dinner, with numberless "great bargains," cheap shawls, hose, and "*handkerchers*," in brown paper parcels, under their arms.

"After many days," or weeks, it may be, during which all imaginable vexations, mortifications, and impertinences, have been endured by their entertainers, with unfailing politeness and exemplary fortitude, the terrible visiters take their departure, selfish, envious, unsatisfied, and ungrateful to the last.

I think I have given a pretty fair synopsis of the matter of the class of tales to which I referred; the manner of relation is, of course, somewhat varied, yet never rises to absolute Miltonic sublimity, or becomes too exquisitely witty to be endured, even by persons of delicate nerves.

Now, all this is unnatural, ungenerous, pretentious, and essentially vulgar. It is insulting to the true character of our country people, and should be at once resented by them, were it not so weak and ridiculous, as the expression of a small kind of aristocracy, and as the vehicle of the stalest and cheapest sort of wit and humor.

In the first place, it is not true that country people are in the habit of making long, unsolicited visits to the city. Again, it is not true that, when with their fashionable friends, they are free and easy, presuming, and impertinent; not true that they are insensible to their own peculiarities, or blind to the annoyance they sometimes occasion, slow to take hints, meddlesome, exacting, or ungrateful for kindly attention. On the other hand, they are often too much averse to appearing in the society of cities, and too jealously alive to the fear of seeming presuming and intrusive. When thrown for a time in those polished circles, they seldom thrust themselves forward, but are, in general, too silent and humble, and awkwardly respectful. They have often so ready an apprehension, and so native a delicacy, as to prove the least troublesome of accidental acquaintances for people of fashion. They have such a quick pride, such a live sensibility, you may put them down with a wave of the hand, shake them off with a toss of the head, and cut them up root and branch with a cold word, or an insolent laugh.

It is true that the country cousin flushes too deeply and moves too constrainedly in the gas-lit drawing-room, thinks morbidly on the last year's fashion of her dress, and is never quite oblivious of her freckles and faded ribbons; and the young farmer there stammers awkwardly, and walks or sits with a new and painful consciousness of hands and feet. But place the girl at home, and as she goes about her simple daily avocations, you have a happy, natural, graceful creature, most lovable and womanly; and the farmer is a true type of hearty and dignified manhood, when, like Macgregor, "his foot is on his native heath."

Has it never occurred to you, my dear reader, that the picture, so often retouched and placed in a new light, might possibly have another side than the one always presented by the generous and facetious writers to whom we have referred above? Let us turn it out.

Soon as the dull and dusty summer months come round, town people are suddenly visited by "dreams of all things green"—intimations of a previous existence, it may be—propensities nomadic and Nebuchadnezzaran for a pastoral, or, rather, *pastural* life, and pour out into the country in squads of sporting men, companies of pale women, and battalions of infantry. These are received by families of farmers, often mere acquaintances, with an open-hearted and open-handed hospitality—a hospitality which has some meaning and some merit; for, in the country, where people are frequently obliged to be their own domestics, and where there are neither lions nor markets, visits from city friends necessarily occasion a great amount of care and labor. Here the entertainers give up all their time and thoughts, with cheerful devotion, to their guests. Every day brings some new plan for their good, or pleasure, and *sees it carried out*. Everything possible is done to make them feel contented and comfortable; in short, *at home*. They are urged to prolong their stay from time to time; and when, at last, they are really off, are accompanied to the coach-door with sorrowful farewells; waved to from the porch; and spoken of kindly, even though they leave disordered apartments, trampled grass-plots, broken carriage-wheels, and used-up saddle horses, behind them.

In return for all this, the farmer and his family are fortunate, if, when they are in town for a day or two, they are courteously received by their summer friends, and treated respectfully by the servants of the house, and not met with careless indifference, or stately politeness, which is worse; or patronizing condescension, which is more insufferable than all.

Hospitality is a rural virtue, and, in its perfection, as rarely found in cities as clover tufts growing among flag stones; yet, when found, all the more refreshing and beautiful a sight.

That the writer, in her own person, with so many of the careless, uncourtly ways, with so much of the atmosphere of rural life about her, has yet been so generously dealt with by her friends of the town, she assigns to her peculiar good fortune in having fallen in with a class of people who might well redeem any metropolitan society from indiscriminate reproach; men and women of sense and heart, who, looking through dress and manner, were pleased to recognise an earnest and independent spirit. For these, and such as these, she has only admiration and grateful feeling; yet for their good she surely is not penning this present article.

"Lizzie, who were those stylish young ladies in old Mr. White's pew, to-day?" asked Julian Fielding of his sister on their way from church one Sunday afternoon in August.

"Why, they are his granddaughters, the two Thompsons, from New York. They are on here for the summer, to rusticate. It is said that one of them was in love, 'not wisely,' and an absence from the city was rather peremptorily prescribed by the father, who, you know, is a rich Wall street broker."

"Have you called on them, sister?"

"No, not yet; I waited for you to come home, and go with me. They are so elegant and fashionable, I am half afraid. But we will make the call to-morrow, if you say so; for scarcely any one has been to see them, and I am sure they must be very lonely at that dull, old place of the Whites."

"Agreed. I like their appearance, decidedly. One of them is rather pretty."

"Oh, *very*, I think, Julian," exclaimed Lizzie, with generous enthusiasm.

The speakers, in the above dialogue, were the only son and daughter of the Episcopal clergyman of a small, retired village, in the southern part of New York. Julian Fielding, a young gentleman of twenty-one, just out of college, was gay-tempered, spirited, and rather handsome; with considerable natural cleverness, but little knowledge of the world. Still, he could not be pronounced a verdant young man; for, with him, native wit and tact well supplied the place of experiences. He was careless rather than courageously original, and deservedly a general favorite. Lizzie Fielding, two years younger, was just such a girl as a young gentleman loves to point out as his sister. She was a very pretty, a very charming creature, truly beautiful in face, graceful in figure, tasteful in dress, and modest and unaffected in manner. She was a very embodiment of affectionateness and devotion; somewhat too romantic and sensitive, perhaps, and given to great bursts of sorrow on small occasions; yet, merry as a dancing fairy between whiles.

A beautiful love and a perfect confidence existed between this brother and sister from their earliest childhood.

The important call on the two Thompsons was made—speedily returned—and thus began an acquaintance which rapidly deepened into intimacy; an intimacy of the closest and most confidential kind, on the part of the young ladies. The sisters were not very pleasantly situated in the sober, methodical household of their grandparents, and soon became almost domesticated at the cheerful home of the Fieldings. They appeared quite unlike city belles; wore gypsy hats, with myrtle wreaths; hunted wild flowers, went trouting, made hay, "loved pigs and chickens," had slight fear of cows, drank new milk—in short, were delightfully rural and simple in their ways, and altogether enchanting to honest country people.

It is true, Julian Fielding *did* give some hints of a most ungenerous opinion, that all this was a little too strong, too decided, to be quite natural; and even went so far, once, as to mutter something about "affectation," "humbug;" but Lizzie defended her new friends so warmly and stoutly, that he was obliged to give over.

Miss Helen Thompson, the beauty, proved to be passionately fond of riding; so Lizzie's nice little palfrey was promptly placed at her service, and accepted with sun-bright smiles, and a regular summer shower of kisses. And Lizzie's handsome brother, who could desire a more gallant cavalier?

So it went. Such long, delicious, summer evening rides, through the green lanes and woody glens, and over the hills of A——, with fragrant airs, and singing waters, and gushes of bird music, and waving shadows, and gleams of softened sunlight around them, and "nobody very near." What wonder if a pleasant little flirtation sprang up spontaneously between these two, under the favor of circumstances, the abetting influences of idleness and romance, and the passionate and poetical lead of the season, and with old Dame Nature looking on, with a quiet, complacent smile, as much as to say, "Well, well; I was young once, myself."

By the way, with how much indulgence have lovers ever been regarded in her fair domain! How tenderly the light shadows shelter their path! The frolic winds are no gossipy retailers of their soft sayings. The flowers smile to each other in the moonlight, and nod their heads in an ecstasy of sympathetic delight. And even the solemn and far-away stars wink at the youthful folly of melting glances, low sighs, clasped hands, and kisses.

But all this is scarcely apropos to my present hero and heroine. It is true, that, by the second week of their acquaintance, they recited impassioned poetry, and sung among the solitudes, as they rode, or strolled slowly; and by the next week, conversed fondly and fluently in the language of flowers; and in the next, and all following, pretty decided love, as love goes now-a-days, was talked, looked, and sighed—*et viola tout*. In short, and in truth, it was a *flirtation*—nothing more; with the youth, an agreeable experiment; with the belle, practice, to keep her hand in.

In all this time, Miss Louisa, "the other one," was not forgotten, nor neglected. She cultivated an enthusiasm for the sublime and beautiful, and patronized nature to a degree quite rare and praiseworthy for a lady of her condition. In other words, she sketched incessantly; and Julian was always on hand in the morning to escort her on her artistic excursions, and to show up all the fine points in the scenery about A——.

Thus two months went by, and then—oh! that dark, mournful, day—that dreadful, sorrowful, tearful parting! For a long time, even after the coach was at the door, poor Lizzie clung to her beloved friends, and would not let them go. Dear girls, how tenderly they strove to comfort her with promises of a longer visit the succeeding year, and with glowing pictures of the pleasures they would have in store for their "darling," on her visit to the city. And Julian—with what impressiveness were their farewells spoken to him—and how long did they look back and wave to him, as he stood leaning on the gate, gazing down the road.

All was over—they were, indeed, gone; and mirth and music, the sound of light feet and lighter laughter, had died out of the house; the flush and smile of beauty, the gleam of white muslin, the flutter of silken scarfs, the musical rattle, the melodious dissonance of eager girlish voices, all passed away; and in their stead, silent, and darkened, and lonely places everywhere. The day was wearisome, the evening intolerable; and Lizzie went to bed, with a headache, to cry herself to sleep. On descending from her chamber in the morning, she was surprised and shocked to find Julian busily engaged in preparing his rods for a day's trouting, and actually whistling at his work.

A correspondence was kept up between the friends, rather a one-sided affair, it must be confessed, as Lizzie, who, like a heroine of old romance, had marvellous epistolary gifts, usually filled a generous sheet with wit and sentiment, but seldom received more in return than the most fairy-like missives, on perfumed note paper, beginning with "Dearest," or "Sweetest," or "Darling Lizzie," and closing with "in the greatest imaginable haste," or "in a monstrous hurry—just off for the opera—carriage at the door—ever and ever yours," &c.

It happened that the winter succeeding the memorable visit of the two Thompsons to A——, a near relative of the Fieldings, a distinguished senator, being with his family at Washington, sent a most cordial and pressing invitation to Julian and Lizzie to spend some time with them at the capital. When they had concluded to accept this invitation, Lizzie was about to write all about it to her friends, the two Thompsons; but her brother, the mysterious fellow, begged that she would not do so, and she complied with his request, as a matter of course.

Lizzie's outfit was such as became the daughter of a country clergyman; neat and ample, but far enough from rich and stylish. Yet she was little troubled by these things. Her affectionate heart was bounding in joyful anticipation of so soon meeting her kind relatives, and no less at the thought of seeing again her charming friends of the last summer, as she passed through the city, on her way South. "Ah, what a glad surprise it will be to them—only to think of it!"

It was a bright, though frosty winter morning, when Julian Fielding handed his sister out of a cab, in front of —— Hotel, on Broadway. Just at that moment, a gay group of ladies, escorted by two or three moustached officers, were strolling down the sunny *pave*; and first among the party, gorgeous and imposing in rich cashmeres, velvets, furs, and long, floating plumes, were the two Thompsons! Lizzie started impetuously forward, but her brother drew her back; not, however, before she had met the eyes of the dashing young ladies. Avoiding, with a cool and practiced assurance, her eager gaze, and glancing over her travelling-dress, both passed majestically on, without a word or look of recognition.

As they ascended the steps of the hotel, Mr. Fielding was ungallant enough to pronounce the sisters "a couple of insolent little upstarts;" but Lizzie, true to her own confiding nature, exclaimed, "I don't believe they knew us! You, brother, are so changed by your whiskers, and I by my winter dress. And, then, they are quite near-sighted. You remember, they both carried glasses."

"Some city people are often near sighted when they meet country acquaintances. But, no matter."

Julian found it impossible to infuse a large share of his own suspicions into the gentle mind of his sister, who yet insisted on sending her card to her "dear old friends."

The next day, about noon, they came, the two Thompsons, with much "pomp and circumstance;" a stylish carriage, blood horses, coachman and footman in livery, and all that. Our unsophisticated, republican Lizzie was, however, little awed by the state, though deeply grieved by the changed manner of her visiters. They met her with most fashionable indifference, merely extending to her the tips of their gloved fingers, when she would have folded them to her warm, honest heart, throbbing with alternate hope and fear, but most of all, with love.

Lizzie grew faint, then proud, and then indignant, and remained almost silent, while her friends rattled on, she knew not what, of up-town gossip. She was inexpressibly relieved when she heard her brother's step at the door. Miss Louisa, who happened to be standing, curtsied at his entrance, and Miss Helen, who was seated, nodded her head, and showed her immaculate teeth in a patronizing smile, but did not proffer her hand. Julian's lip curled slightly, as he remembered how often he had been allowed to hold that hand in his, and even to raise it to his lips, in the season of the summer flirtation.

"Oh, Mr. Fielding," lisped the beauty, "how good of you to bring our darling Lizzie to our noisy city, even for a day or two. But you cannot conceive how much we are grieved at not being able to take her home with us, at once. The truth is, we are just off for Washington, where pa is to take us to spend the remainder of the season."

Lizzie was about to remark that this was also their own destination; but she caught her brother's eye, and was silent.

About three weeks from this meeting and parting, the two Thompsons found themselves, for the first time, in the gallery of the Senate, at Washington. They had arrived at the capital a day or two before.

Suddenly, Miss Louisa whispered to her sister, and directed her gaze to where, a little distance off, was sitting, by the side of the elegant wife of Senator ——, no other than our Lizzie, listening intently to an eloquent speech from the distinguished statesman himself.

After this, as the reader may apprehend, the poor girl was absolutely overwhelmed by the visits and heartless attentions of her "affectionate friends," as her cousins called them; and even the obdurate Julian was often playfully reminded of "our old friendship," and "those sweet rides," and "that wicked flirtation with sister."

Strange to say, the two Thompsons being *only rich*, did not possess the *entrée* into the best society of the capital, where their little friend was already quite as much of a belle as her gentle, retiring nature would admit.

One morning, toward the last of the season, Lizzie received the following note from the sisters:

"LIZZIE, DARLING: Will you and your *beau frère* come to us to-night? We are to have a little *soirée*—a very *select* affair. Ah! *chère amie*, you really *must* come. It would be *too* stupid without you. We could not survive a refusal. Your charming cousins will receive more formal notes.

"Your *sisters*, NELL and LOU."

Lizzie's reply ran thus:

"MY DEAR FRIENDS: We regret to say that it is out of our power to accept your kind invitation to your *soirée*, which, I know, will be very delightful, as we are 'due,' as brother says, at the Russian Minister's to-night.

"Yours, E. FIELDING."

The two Thompsons held their *soirée;* and a sorry affair it proved, as all the world was at M. Bodisco's. Alas! dear girls, they had not even been apprised that Madame *l'Embassadrice* received on that evening.

Thus were these amiable young ladies taught a wholesome, though painful moral lesson, which, I am happy to say, they have laid to heart. They are now careful never to indulge themselves in cutting rural acquaintances, before they have inquired into their true position and family connexions.

It is rumored that Lizzie Fielding will spend yet other sessions at Washington, where she ever shone a "bright, particular star," but that the next time she will appear as the bride of an Honorable member from her native State, a distinguished lawyer, with whom her brother Julian is studying his profession. This summer she will spend at her beloved home, the pleasant parsonage of A——; but I do not think that she will there have the honor of entertaining her "dear old friends," the two Thompsons.

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THIS spacious and fashionable Emporium, which is known throughout the civilized world as the cheapest and best place to purchase Clothing, sprung from a small beginning in 1842. Its present proprietor,

GEORGE W. SIMMONS,

Was its originator and projector. He believed that the enormous prices which were then charged for Clothing might be essentially reduced, and that the public would sustain him in making such reduction. His calculations have been more than realized. He commenced his business by making but a *small profit* upon the cost of the manufacture, and, by adhering strictly to the

Low Price System,

Has caused crowds of customers to flock to his Clothing House. So great was the business of the establishment, that he was obliged to

Rebuild in 1847.

Notwithstanding the large addition which was then erected, the room proved insufficient to accommodate the immense throngs which daily visited this Clothing Mart, and in 1849 he added a most

Magnificent Rotunda

To the long row of stores,

Nos. 32, 34, 36, and 38, Ann Street,

Extending from the street 180 feet, and covering an area of 10,000 feet, making altogether the most extensive Clothing Establishment in the country. The sales amount annually to about

Half a Million Dollars.

There are engaged in the establishment—
25 fashionable cutters and trimmers;
2 book-keepers;
1 cashier and assistant;
1 paymaster;
5 runners;
2 expresses;
30 salesmen;
3000 operatives.

This establishment has arrived at its present position by furnishing Clothing at the

Lowest Rates,

Which the proprietor was enabled to do by purchasing and manufacturing immense quantities of the

Most Fashionable Style of Goods,

And in this manner he gained the confidence of the community. As a specimen of the low rates at which Clothing is furnished, we annex the following list of

PRICES.

Thin pants, a superior collection of every grade, quality, and quantity, from	$0 75	to	$2 50
Vests, a large assortment	75	to	1 50
Thin coats of every style	1 00	to	2 00
Thin jackets, 1,000 to 1,500 always on hand	75	to	1 25
Riding and shooting pants, made from linen drilling, &c.	1 25	to	2 50
Mixed cassimere pants	2 75	to	3 50
Drab and blue pants	3 50	to	5 00
Doeskin pants, fancy shades	5 00	to	6 00
(All grades, cut, quantity and quality of the above pants.)			
Fine shirts, linen bosoms, &c.	1 00	to	1 25
Mixed business coats	7 00	to	8 50
Green business coats	8 50	to	10 00
Dress coats	10 00	to	14 00
Brook coats	10 00	to	15 00
(Every shade of color, such as dahlia, green, royal purple, drake-neck, black, blue, &c.)			
Hunting coats, some new styles of diamond velvets	4 50	to	5 00
Pilot cloth coats	4 00	to	15 00
Beaver cloth coats	6 00	to	17 00
Broadcloth and pilot coats, with silk velvet facings and collars, lined, wadded, and tufted with silk—a splendid article, got up in the very best style	10 00	to	20 00
Broadcloth surtouts	10 00	to	15 00
Elegant dressing gowns	3 50	to	8 00
Ladies riding habits	4 00	to	10 00
Summer coats—look as well as cloth—silk faced	5 00	to	7 00
Professional summer suits—wear and look as well as cloth	10 00	to	15 00
An entire suit of thin clothes	2 00	to	5 00
Rich scarfs, cravats, and stocks	25	to	1 00
Elegant suspenders and socks	25	to	75

Walking sticks, valises, carpet bags, smoking caps, umbrellas, &c. &c. &c.

Linen shirts, bosoms, collars, gloves, &c. &c., at customers' OWN PRICES.

All orders from any part of the world executed at the shortest notice and in the best style, from furnishing a single garment to

Clothing a Regiment.

Gentlemen, when you come to Boston, be sure and secure a good bargain, by calling at

SIMMONS' OAK HALL,

Nos. 32, 34, 36, and 38, Ann Street,

BOSTON.

August 16.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1849.

THE NATIONAL ERA is an Anti-Slavery, Political, and Literary Newspaper; an advocate of Reforms, adapted to secure the Personal Rights of all men, and to harmonize social and political relations with the demands of Justice; especially of that Great Movement, whose doctrines are summed up in the brief maxims—FREE THOUGHT, FREE SPEECH, A FREE PRESS; FREE SOIL, FREE LABOR, and FREE MEN.

A brief summary of the principles and measures we are prepared at all proper times to sustain, will serve to show the character and course of the *Era*.

We hold—

That Slavery is repugnant to Natural Right, the Law of Christianity, the Spirit of the Age, and the essential nature of our Republican Institutions:

That Emancipation, without compulsory expatriation, is a high duty, demanded alike by Justice and Expediency:

That there is but one safe and effectual mode of abolishing Slavery; and that is by law, to be enacted by the States in which it exists:

That Slavery can have no lawful being in Territory under the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States:

That Congress is bound to exclude it from all Territory now belonging or that may hereafter belong to the United States:

That the American Union, as the bond of Peace, the organ of one Language and one Civilization, the medium of Free Trade, among the numerous States and Territories stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores of this Continent; as the Refuge of suffering millions from the Old World, and a Safeguard against its Ambition and Intrigue, is of priceless value to the Cause of Human Progress; and that there is enough intelligence and virtue in its members to extinguish Slavery, the single cause that disturbs its harmonies, impairs its energies, alloys its good, and threatens its stability:

That the Federal Constitution ought to be so amended as to place the election of a President in the hands of the People, directly, and to limit his term of office to four years, making him thereafter ineligible; and to be still further amended so as to give to the People of the several States the election of their United States Senators, changing the term of office from six to four years:

That the Post Office Department ought to be separated from the Chief Executive, the Postmaster General and all the local Postmasters being elective by the People, and the power of removal for just and sufficient cause lodged in the hands of the Postmaster General:

That postage on all newspapers, of a certain size, for all distances, should be one cent; on all letters, under half an ounce, for all distances, two cents prepaid; that the franking privilege should be abolished; and negotiations be instituted for the purpose of securing free exchanges within reasonable limits, between the newspapers of Europe and the United States, and a reduction to the lowest point possible in the postage on letters passing between foreign countries and our own:

That the public lands shall be held as a trust for the benefit of the People of the United States, to be donated in limited quantities to actual settlers who are landless:

That the inalienability of the homestead ought to be established by law in every State:

That restrictions on commerce among the several States, and between all nations, ought to be removed:

That Congress ought to make due appropriations for improvements demanded by the interests of commerce with foreign nations, or among the States, provided they be not purely local in their benefits, and not be proper subjects for State or individual enterprise.

In maintaining our views, we shall fearlessly use the rights, while we respect the courtesies, of Free Discussion, conceding to those who may differ from us, what we claim for ourselves, the credit of honest motives.

Such reports of the proceedings of Congress will be given as will convey a correct idea not only of its action, but of its spirit and policy.

For the Literary Department of the *Era* we have amply provided. No reasonable expense shall be spared for contributions from some of the best minds in the country. JOHN G. WHITTIER will continue as Corresponding Editor, enriching our columns with productions of permanent value. We have the pleasure of announcing that the author of Modern Reforms and Reformers, HENRY B. STANTON, is to become a regular contributor. We are making arrangements for the publication of some invaluable original papers on the Resources of the Great West, by a gentleman every way competent for the task; and also of original sketches and tales for Home Reading. The *Era* will continue to be adorned by the poetry of contributors whose names are familiar to our readers as household words.

Terms—two dollars per annum, *always payable in advance*.

Every subscriber renewing his subscription, and sending us two NEW subscribers, shall have the three copies for five dollars.

All communications, on business of the *Era* or for publication, should be addressed to

G. BAILEY, *Washington, D. C.*

BUSINESS NOTICES.

☞ As this paper is not sent to any new subscriber, unless paid for in advance, the reception of it will be a sufficient receipt.

☞ Agents or others having funds to forward are desired, if the amount be considerable, to purchase of some bank a draft on New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore. Smaller amounts may be transmitted by mail, observing, when convenient, to send large bills on New England, New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore banks. Do not send certificates of deposite.

☞ Any clergyman who will procure four subscribers, and send us eight dollars, may have a fifth copy gratis for one year.

☞ Mr. V. B. Palmer, at his newspaper agency, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore, is duly authorized to procure advertisements for this paper.

☞ Within the last week we have received two or three requests to have the direction of papers changed, without informing us to what post office, county, or State, the papers have heretofore been sent. Without these, we cannot change the direction.

☞ Agents and others, in sending names, are requested to be very particular, and have each letter distinct. Give the name of the *Post Office*, the *County*, and the *State*.

☞ Accounts are kept with *each subscriber*, and when we receive money from him on his subscription, it is immediately passed to his credit.

☞ Agents will notice that we keep an account with each subscriber. Hence no accounts will be kept with the agents; and in transmitting moneys on which they are entitled to a commission, they will retain the amount of their commission, and, *in all cases*, forward the money with the names, so as to make the account even at each remittance.

☞ Agents and others who wish to send us fractional parts of a dollar, can now do so without increasing the postage, by remitting *pre-paid post office stamps*, which can now be obtained at any post office.

☞ We invite the attention of those who are remitting moneys to the following table, showing the rate of discount on uncurrent money in this city. We earnestly hope that those who send money will endeavor to send such bank bills as are at the lowest discount:

Washington, D. C.	Par.	Maryland	1-2 dis.
Baltimore	Par.	Virginia	3-4 dis.
Philadelphia	Par.	Western Virginia	1 1-2 dis.
New York city	Par.	Ohio	2 1-4 dis.
New York State	3-4 dis.	Indiana	2 1-4 dis.
New England	1-2 dis.	Kentucky	2 1-4 dis.
New Jersey	3-4 dis.	Tennessee	3 1-2 dis.
Eastern Penn.	3-4 dis.	Michigan	3 dis.
Western Penn.	1 1-2 dis.	Canada	5 dis.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN PLANING, TONGUEING AND GROOVING LUMBER.

Joseph P. Woodbury's Patent Planing Machine.

THE subscriber, having received letters patent for a stationary cutter, planing, tongueing and grooving machine, now offers for sale machines, and rights to use the same. This machine will plane six thousand feet of boards to any uniform thickness, in one hour, producing a better finished surface than it is possible to plane by any other means now known, not excepting the hand plane, and is peculiarly adapted to plane and joint clapboards, or weather-boarding, and will do the work faster and better than any machine heretofore invented. This machine is so arranged that it planes the board with an unbroken shaving the whole width and length of the material, and does not take more than two-thirds of the power that is required to do an equal amount of work by the rotary cutting cylinder, now in common use. The construction and organization of this machine is different from any other now in use. Communications for further particulars cheerfully responded to, by addressing the subscriber, (post-paid,) Boston, Mass.

One of the above planing machines may be seen in operation by calling on the patentee.

JOSEPH P. WOODBURY,
May 3.—1y Border street, East Boston, Mass.

☞ The above Planing Machine has been thoroughly tested, by planing over 1,000,000 feet of lumber, and has planed 3,000 feet in seventeen minutes, and is adapted to stick any description of mouldings with great rapidity.

The subscribers, having purchased the territory annexed to their names, are now ready to offer for sale the machine, and the right to use the same, in the territory purchased by them.

A machine may be seen in operation soon at Buffalo, New York, and at the Planing Mill of Duncan Mangey, Louisville, Kentucky.

Communications for further particulars cheerfully responded to, by addressing either of the subscribers, post paid, Oswego, New York.

STAATS & STEWART,
For the State of New York.
STEWART & TEMPLE,
For the States of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Missouri.
STEWART & ALLEN,
For the States of Wisconsin and Illinois.

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK AND FAMILY MAGAZINE.—The oldest Magazine in the United States; contains monthly sixty pages of reading matter, by the first writers in the country, twelve more than the New York magazines. Two splendid steel engravings, an undeniable authentic colored monthly fashion plate, model cottages and churches, crotchet work and other matters for the ladies, all illustrated and well explained, &c.

Price for one year, which includes the Lady's Dollar Newspaper, making three publications in one month, $3; two copies without the Lady's Dollar Newspaper, $5; five copies, with one to the person sending the club, $10; eight copies, $15; twelve copies, $20.

A specimen of either the Lady's Book or the Lady's Dollar Newspaper sent to any person paying postage on the request. Address L. A. GODEY,
Feb. 3. No. 113 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

JOHN F. DAIR. WILLIAM STOMS.
SEED STORE
AND
AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE,
Nos. 33 and 35 Lower Market street, Cincinnati, O.

FOR the sale of Grass, Garden, Field, and Osage Orange Seeds, Agricultural Implements, Grape Roots, Cuttings, &c. JOHN F. DAIR & CO.,
June 14—12t Proprietors.

LAW OFFICE, CINCINNATI.

BIRNEY & SHIELDS, Attorneys at Law, corner of Main and Court streets, Cincinnati.

JAMES BIRNEY, Notary Public and Commissioner to take acknowledgments of deeds and depositions for the States of Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, Michigan, New Hampshire, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, New York, and Arkansas.
Jan. 6.—tf

LAW OFFICE, CHICAGO.

CALVIN DE WOLF, Attorney and Counsellor, Telegraph Buildings, Clark street, Chicago, Illinois. Particular attention paid to collections.

Terms of Court, Cook County, Illinois.

County court—first Monday in February, May, and October.

Circuit court—second Monday in June and November.

☞ Demands for suit should be on hand twenty days before the first day of each term. Feb. 3.—1 yr. gr.

DE WOLF & FARWELL,

ATTORNEYS and Counsellors at Law. Office, Clark street, opposite the Court House, Chicago, Illinois.
CALVIN DE WOLF.
Jan. 4—1y. WILLIAM W. FARWELL.

LAW OFFICE, COLUMBUS, O.

WILLIAM B. JARVIS, Jun., *Attorney and Counsellor at Law*, Columbus, Ohio. Office in Platt's new building, State street, opposite south door of State House. Business connected with the profession, of all kinds, punctually attended to Jan. 22

NOTICE.

IN consequence of the success attendant upon the treatment of diseases at the *Parkeville Hydropathic Institute*, (near Philadelphia,) it will be necessary for patients to make application beforehand, in order to secure separate rooms. Address *Samuel Webb*, Secretary, No. 58 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Any individual purchasing $3,000 of the capital stock, will be entitled to board and treatment in lieu of dividend until cured, afterwards to receive twelve per cent. per annum dividend on the amount thus invested.
July 5.

GOOD INVESTMENT.

FOR SALE, *twenty thousand dollars* of the capital stock of the Parkeville Hydropathic Institute, (near Philadelphia,) warranted to yield *twelve per cent. per annum*. Apply to *Samuel Webb*, Secretary, No. 58 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, or to Dr. *G. Bailey*, Washington City.
July 5.

COMMISSION STORE.

WM. GUNNISON, *General Commission Merchant*, 101 *Bowly's Wharf, Baltimore, Md.* Dec. 23.—1y

BRITISH PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

REPUBLICATION OF

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW,
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW,
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, and
BLACKWOOD'S EDINB'GH MAGAZINE.

THE widespread fame of these splendid periodicals renders it needless to say much in their praise. As literary organs, they stand far in advance of any works of a similar stamp now published, while the political complexion of each is marked by a dignity, candor, and forbearance, not often found in works of a party character.

They embrace the views of the three great parties in England—Tory, Whig, and Radical. "Blackwood" and the "London Quarterly" are Tory, the "Edinburgh Review" Whig, and the "Westminster Review" Radical. The "North British Review" is more of a religious character, having been originally edited by Dr. Chalmers, and now, since his death, being conducted by his son-in-law, Dr. Hanna, associated with Sir David Brewster. Its literary character is of the very highest order.

The "Westminster," though *reprinted* under that title only, is published in England under the title of the "Foreign Quarterly and Westminster," it being in fact a union of the two Reviews formerly published and reprinted under separate titles. It has therefore the advantage, by this combination, of uniting in one work the best features of both, as heretofore issued.

The above Periodicals are reprinted in New York, immediately on their arrival by the British steamers, in a beautiful clear type, on fine white paper, and are faithful copies of the originals—*Blackwood's Magazine* being an exact fac-simile of the Edinburgh edition.

TERMS.

For any one of the four Reviews,	$3.00 per annum.
For any two of the Reviews,	5.00 do.
For any three of the Reviews,	7.00 do.
For all four of the Reviews,	8.00 do.
For Blackwood's Magazine,	3.00 do.
For Blackwood and three Reviews,	9.00 do.
For Blackwood and the four Reviews	10.00 do.

Payments to be made in all cases in advance.

CLUBBING.

Four copies of any or all of the above works will be sent to one address, on payment of the regular subscription for three, the fourth copy being gratis.

EARLY COPIES.

Our late arrangement with the British publishers of Blackwood's Magazine secures to us early sheets of that work, by which we are enabled to place the entire number in the hands of subscribers before any portion of it can be reprinted in any of the American journals. For this and other advantages secured to our subscribers, we pay so large a consideration, that we may be compelled to raise the price of the Magazine.

☞ Something may therefore be gained by subscribing early.

Remittances and communications should be always addressed, postpaid or franked, to the publishers,
LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,
May 10. 79 Fulton st., New York, entrance in Gold st.

OLD DOCTOR JACOB TOWNSEND,
THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERER OF
THE GENUINE TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA.

OLD Dr. Townsend is now about seventy years of age, and has long been known as the Author and Discoverer of the genuine original "*Townsend Sarsaparilla*." Being poor, he was compelled to limit its manufacture, by which means it has been kept out of market, and the sales circumscribed to those only who had proved its worth and known its value. It had reached the ears of many, nevertheless, as those persons who had been healed of sore diseases, and saved from death, proclaimed its excellence and wonderful healing power. This

Grand and Unequalled Preparation

is manufactured on the largest scale, and is called for throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Unlike young S. P. Townsend's, it improves with age, and never changes, but for the better; because it is prepared on scientific principles, by a scientific man. The highest knowledge of Chemistry, and the latest discoveries of the Art, have all been brought into requisition in the manufacture of the *Old Doctor's Sarsaparilla*. The Sarsaparilla root, it is well known to medical men, contains many medicinal properties, and some properties which are inert or useless; and others, which, if retained in preparing it for use, produce fermentation and *acid*, which is injurious to the system. Some of the properties of Sarsaparilla are so volatile, that they entirely evaporate and are lost in the preparation, if they are not preserved by a scientific process, known only to those experienced in its manufacture. Moreover, these volatile principles, which fly off in vapor, or as an exhalation, under heat, are the very essential medical properties of the root, which give to it all its value. The

Genuine Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla

is so prepared, that all the inert properties of the Sarsaparilla root are first removed, everything capable of becoming acid or of fermentation is extracted and rejected; then every particle of medical virtue is secured in a pure and concentrated form; and thus it is rendered incapable of losing any of its valuable and healing properties. Prepared in this way, it is made the most powerful agent in the

Cure of Innumerable Diseases.

Hence the reason why we hear commendations on every side, in its favor, by men, women, and children. We find it doing wonders in the cure of *Consumption, Dyspepsia*, and *Liver Complaint*, and in *Rheumatism, Scrofula*, and *Piles, Costiveness*, all *Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches*, and all affections arising from

Impurity of the Blood.

It possesses a marvellous efficacy in all complaints arising from indigestion, from acidity of the stomach, from unequal circulation, determination of blood to the head, palpitation of the heart, cold feet and cold hands, cold chills and hot flashes over the body. It has not had its equal in coughs and colds, and promotes easy expectoration and gentle perspiration, relaxing stricture of the lungs, throat, and every other part.

But in nothing is its excellence more manifestly seen and acknowledged than in all kinds and stages of

Female Complaints.

It works wonders in cases of *fluor albus* or whites, falling of the womb, obstructed, suppressed, or painful menses, irregularity of the menstrual periods, and the like; and is effectual in curing all forms of the kidney disease.

By removing obstructions, and regulating the general system, it gives tone and strength to the whole body, and cures all forms of

Nervous Diseases and Debility,

and thus prevents or relieves a great variety of other diseases, as spinal irritation, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, swooning, epileptic fits, convulsions, &c.

Is not this, then,

The Medicine you Pre-eminently Need?

But can any of these things be said of S. P. Townsend's inferior article? This young man's liquid is not to be

Compared with the Old Dr.'s,

because of one *Grand Fact*, that the one is *Incapable of Deterioration* and

Never Spoils,

while the other does; it sours, ferments, and blows the bottles containing it into fragments; the sour, acid liquid exploding, and damaging other goods! Must not this horrible compound be poisonous to the system? What! put acid into a system already diseased with acid! What causes dyspepsia but acid? Do we not all know, that when food sours in our stomachs, what mischief it produces!—flatulence, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, liver complaint, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, and corruption of the blood? What is scrofula but an acid humor in the body? What produces all the humors which bring on eruptions of the skin, scald head salt rheum, erysipelas, white swellings, fever-sores, and all ulcerations, internal and external? It is nothing under heaven but an acid substance, which sours, and thus spoils all the fluids of the body, more or less. What causes rheumatism, but a sour acid fluid, which insinuates itself between the joints and elsewhere, irritating and inflaming the tender and delicate tissues upon which it acts? So of nervous diseases, of impurity of the blood, of deranged circulations, and nearly all the ailments which afflict human nature.

Now, is it not horrible to make and sell, and infinitely worse to use, this

Souring, Fermenting, Acid "Compound" of S. P. Townsend!

and yet he would fain have it understood that Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's *Genuine Original Sarsaparilla*, is an *Imitation* of his inferior preparation!!

Heaven forbid that we should deal in an article which would bear the most distant resemblance to S. P. Townsend's article! and which should bring down upon the Old Dr. such a mountain load of complaints and criminations from Agents who have sold, and purchasers who have used S. P. Townsend's *Fermenting Compound*.

We wish it understood, because it is the *absolute truth*, that S. P. Townsend's article and Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla are heaven wide apart, and infinitely dissimilar; that they are unlike in every particular, having not one single thing in common.

As S. P. Townsend is no doctor, and never was, is no chemist, no pharmaceutist—knows no more of medicine or disease than any other common, unscientific, unprofessional man, what guarantee can the public have that they are receiving a genuine scientific medicine, containing all the virtues of the articles used in preparing it, and which are incapable of changes which might render them the *agents of disease*, instead of health?

It is to arrest frauds upon the unfortunate, to pour balm into wounded humanity, to kindle hope in the despairing bosom, to restore health and bloom and vigor into the crushed and broken, and to banish infirmity—that OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND has *sought* and *found* the opportunity and means to bring his

Grand, Universal, Concentrated Remedy,

within the reach, and to the knowledge of all who need it, that they may learn and know, by joyful experience, its

Transcendent Power to Heal!

☞ For sale in Washington City by—
J. F. Callan Z. D. & W. H. Gilman
S. Butt M. Delany
April 19—18t Ridgely & Co.